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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# Wily Beguild

*Date of Earliest Known Edition* . . 1606

[*Dyce Bequest, South Kensington*]

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# Wily Beguild

1606

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A.264572

# Wily Beguild

## 1606

*This facsimile is from a copy of the earliest known edition, which forms part of the Dyce Bequest to the South Kensington authorities.*

*Other editions appeared in* 1623, 1635 *and* 1638.

*The B.M. has copies of the* 1623 *edition (Press-mark, 643, c.* 61*) and also of an undated impression (Press-mark, 643, c.* 60*), printed, like the* 1606 *edition, for Clement Knight.*

*The Dyce Copy is a remarkably good example, and has special interest for scholars, inasmuch as the edges of the leaves have come down to us absolutely untrimmed, showing the original, in this respect, as it left the binder's hands—a very rare thing indeed.*

*The reproduction is marked as of the usual high quality as regards the work of both photographer and printer.*

*JOHN S. FARMER.*

# A PLEASANT COMEDIE, Called WILY BEGVILDE.

*The Chiefe Actors be theſe:*
A poore Scholler, a rich Foole, and a Knaue at a ſhifte.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for CLEMENT KNIGHT:
and are to be ſolde at his Shop, in Paules
*Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Holy Lambe.*
1606.

*Gripe:* an Vsurer.
*Ploddall:* a Farmer.
*Sophos:* a Scholler.
*Churms:* a Lawyer.
*Robin goodfellow.*
*Fortunatus: Gripes* Son.
*Lelia: Gripes* daughter.
Nurse.
*Peter Ploddall: Plod-dalls* sonne.
*Pegge:* Nurses daughter.
*Wil Cricket.*
Mother Midnight.
An old man.
*Syluanus.*
Clearke.

# SPECTRVM.

## THE PROLOGVE.

VVHat hoe, where are these paltrie Plaiers? stil poaring in their papers and neuer perfect? for shame come forth, your Audience stay so long, their eies waxe dim with expectation.

[*Enter one of the Players.*]

How now my honest Rogue; what play shall wee haue here to night?

*Play.* Sir you may looke vpon the Title.

*Prol.* What, *Spectrum* once again? Why noble *Cerberus*, nothing but patch-pannell stuffe, olde gally-mawfreies and cotten-candle eloquence? out you bawling bandogge foxfurd slaue: you dried stockefish you, out of my sight. [*Exit the Player.*]

Well tis no matter; Ile set mee downe and see't, and for fault of a better, Ile supply the place of a scuruy Prologue.

*Spectrum* is a looking glaſſe indeede,
Wherein a man a Hiſtory may read,
Of baſe conceits and damned roguerie:
The very ſinke of hell-bred villeny.

*Enter a Iuggler.*

*Iuggler.* Why how now humorous *George?* what as mecholy as a mantletree?
Will you ſee any trickes of Leigerdemaine, ſlight of hand, cienly conuayance, or *deceptio viſus?* what will you ſee Gentleman to driue you out of theſe dumps?

*Prol.* Out you ſouſt gurnet, you Woolfiſt, be gon I ſay and bid the Players diſpatch and come away quickly, and tell their fiery Poet that before I haue done with him; Ile make him do penance vpon a ſtage in a Calues skin.

*Iuggler.* O Lord ſir ye are deceiued in me, I am no tale-carrier, I am a Iuggler.
I haue the ſuperficiall skill of all the ſeuen liberall ſciences at my fingers end.
Ile ſhew you a tricke of the twelues, and turne him ouer the thumbes with a trice.
Ile make him fly ſwifter then meditation.
Ile ſhew you as many toies as there be minutes in a moneth, and as many trickes as there be motes in the ſunne.

*Prol.* Prithee what trickes canſt thou doe?

*Iuggler.* Marry ſir I wil ſhew you a trick of cleanly conueiance.
*Hei fortuna furim nunquam credo,* With a caſt of cleane conueyance, come aloft *Iack* for thy maſters aduantage (hees gone I warrant ye.)

{ *Spectrum* is conueied away: and *Wily beguiled*, ſtands in the place of it.

*Prol.* Mas an tis well done, now I ſee thou canſt doe ſomething, holde thee thers twelue pence for thy labour.
Goe to that barme-froth Poet and to him ſay,
He quite has loſt the Title of his play,
His Calue skin ieſts from hence are cleane exil'd,
Thus once you ſee that Wily is beguil'd. *Exit the Iuggler.*

*Prol.*

## THE PROLOGVE.

*Prol.* Now kind Spectators, I dare boldly ſay,
You all are welcome to our Authors play:
Be ſtill a while, and ere we goe,
Weele make your eies with laughter flowe.
Let *Momus* mates iudge how they liſt,
We feare not what they babble:
Nor any paltry Poets pen,
Amongſt that raſcall rabble.
But time forbids me further ſpeech,
My tongue muſt ſtop hir race:
My time is come, I muſt be dumbe,
And giue the Actors place.

*Exit.*

# WILY BEGVILDE.

*Enter* Gripe, *ſolus*.

A Heauy purſe makes a light heart: O the conſideration of this pouch, this pouch! Why hee that has money, has hearts eaſe and the world in a ſtring.

O this red chink, and ſiluer coine, it is the conſolation of the World.

I can ſit at home quietly in my chayre, and ſend out my angels by ſea, and by land, and bid fly villanes & fetch in ten in the hundred, I and a better penny too. Let me ſee, I haue but two children in al the world to beſtow my goods vpon, *Fortunatus* my ſon & *Lelia* my daughter. For my ſon, he followes the wars, and that which he gets with ſwaggering, he ſpendes in ſwaggering: but Ile curbe him, his allowance whileſt I liue ſhall bee ſmall, and ſo hee ſhall bee ſure not to ſpend much: And if I die I will leaue him a portion, that (if he will be a good husband and follow his fathers ſteps) ſhall maintaine him like a gentleman; and if he will not, let him follow his owne humor til he be weary of it, and ſo let him go: now for my daughter ſhe is my only ioy, & the ſtaff of my age, and I haue beſtowed good bringing vp vpon hir (bar lady): why ſhe is een modeſty it ſelf, it does me good to look on hir. Now if I can harken out ſome wealthy mariage for hir, I haue my only deſire.

Mas, and well remembred, heer's my neighbour *Ploddall* hard by, has but one only ſonne, and (let me ſee) I take it, his Lands are better than fiue thouſand pounds; now if I can make a match betweene his ſonne and my daughter, and ſo

ioine

ioine his Land and my mony together, O twil be a bleſſed vnion. Well Ile in, and get a Scriuener, Ile write, to him about it preſently: But ſtay heere come M. *Churmes* the Lawer, Ile deſire him to do ſo much.

*Enter* Churms.

*Churms.* Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

*Gripe.* O good morrow M. *Churms.*
What ſayes my two debters, that I lent 200. pound to? wil they not pay vſe and charges of ſuit?

*Churms.* Faith Sir I doubt they are bankrouts: I would you had your principall.

*Gripe.* Nay Ile haue all, or Ile impriſon their bodies: But M. *Churms* ther is a matter I would faine haue you do, but you muſt be very ſecret.

*Churms.* O ſir feare not that Ile warrant you.

*Gripe.* Why then this it is: my neighbour *Ploddall* hereby; you know is a man of very faire Land, and hee has but one ſon, vpon whom he means to beſtow all that hee has: Now I would make a match betweene my daughter *Lelia* and him; what thinke you of it.

*Churms.* Marrie I thinke twould be a good match, but the young man has had very ſimple bringing vp.

*Gripe.* Tuſh, what care I for that? ſo he haue lands and liuing inough, my daughter has bringing vp will ſerue them both. Now I would haue you to write me a Letter to good-man *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile pleaſe you for your paines.

*Churms.* Ile warrant you ſir, Ile doe it artificially.

*Gripe.* Doe, good M. *Churms*, but be very ſecret, I haue ſome buſineſſe this morning, and therefore Ile leaue you a while, and if you will come to dinner to mee anone, you ſhall be very heartily welcome. *Exit* Gripe.

*Churms.* Thankes good ſir Ile trouble you.
Now twere a good ieſt if I could coſen the olde Churle of his daughter, and get the wench for my ſelfe.
Sounds I am as proper a man, as *Peter Ploddall:* and though his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetcht and

deare

deare bought is good for Ladies, and I am ſure I haue been as farre as *Cales* to fetch that I haue.

I haue beene at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a Souldier, and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree ſhal be a Connicatcher:

For Ile goe neere to coſen olde father ſhare-penny of his daughter, Ile caſt about Ile warrant him;
Ile go dine with him, and write him his Letter,
And then Ile go ſeek out my kind companion *Robin Goodfellow*, and betwixt vs weele make hir yeeld to any thing.
Weele ha the common law oth to hand, and the ciuill lawe oth tother:
Weele toſſe *Lelia* like a tennis ball. *Exit.*

*Enter olde* Ploddall, *and his ſon* Peter, *an olde man* Ploddals Tenant, *and* Wil Cricket *his ſonne.*

*Ploddall.* Ah Tenant, an ill husband (barlady) i thriſe at thy houſe and neuer at home?
You know my minde, will you giue tenne ſhillings more rent?
I muſt diſcharge you elſe.

*Oldman.* Alas Landlord, will you vndoe me? I ſit of a great rent alreadie, and am very poore.

*Will. Cr.* Very poore? yare a very Aſſe. Lord how my ſtomach wambles at that ſame word (very poore)! Father, if you loue your ſonne *William*, neuer name that ſame word very poore:
For Ile ſtand to it, that its pettilaſſeny to name very poore to a man thats oth top of his marriage.

*Oldman.* Why ſon, art oth top of thy marriage, to whom I prithee?

*Will.* Marrie to prittie *Peg*, miſtreſſe *Lelias* nurſes daughter.
O tis the dapreſt wench that euer danc't after a Taber and pipe.
For ſhee will ſo heele it, and toe it, and trip it,
O hir buttockes will quake like a cuſtard.

*P. Ploddall.* Why *William*, when were you with hir?

*Wil.* O *Peter* does your mouth water at that?
Truly I was neuer with hir, but I know I ſhall ſpeed.
For tother day ſhe lookt on me and laught, and thats a good ſigne (ye know): and therefore old ſiluer top, neuer talke of charging or diſcharging.
For I tell you I am my fathers heire: and if you diſcharge me, Ile diſcharge my peſtilence at you. For to let my houſe before my leaſe be out, is cut-throatery: and to ſcrape for more rent is polepennery.
And ſo fare you well good Grandſire Vſury; come father, lets be gone. *Exeunt* Wil. *and his Father.*

*Ploddall.* Well, Ile make the beggerly knaues to packe for this:
Ile haue it euery groſſe, income and Rent too. *Enter* Chr.
But ſtay here comes one: O tis M. *Churms.* with a Let.
I hope he brings me ſome good newes.
M. *Churms* yare well met, I am een almoſt ſtaru'd for money.
You muſt take ſome damnable courſe with my Tenants, theile not pay.

*Churmes.* Fayth Sir, they are growne to bee captious knaues.
But Ile mooue them with a *Habeas corpus.*

*Ploddall.* Doe, good M. *Churmes*, or vſe any other villenous courſe ſhall pleaſe you.
But what newes abroad?

*Churms.* Faith little news: but heer's a Letter which M. *Gripe* deſired me to deliuer you. And though it ſtand not with my reputatiõ, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concerne you, I thought it better ſomething to abaſe my ſelfe, then you ſhould be any waies hindered.

*Ploddall.* Thankes good ſir, and Ile in and reade it.
*Exeunt* Ploddall *and his ſonne.* *Manet* Chu.

*Churms.* Thus men of reach muſt looke to liue,
I cry content, and murder where I kiſſe,

*Gripe*

*Gripe* takes me for his faithfull friend,
Imparts to me the ſecrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinkes I am as true a friend,
To euery enterpriſe he takes in hand,
As euer breath'd vnder the cope of heauen:
But damme me if they finde it ſo,
All this makes for my auaile,
Ile ha the wench my ſelfe, or elſe my wits ſhall faile. *Exit.*

*Enter* Lelia *and* Nurſe *gathering of Flowers.*

*Lelia.* See how the earth (this fragrant ſpring) is clad,
And mantled round in ſweete Nymph *Flora's* roabes.
Here growes th' alluring Roſe,
Sweet Marigolds, and the louely Hyacinth:
Come Nurſe, gather:
A crowne of Roſes ſhall adorne my head,
Ile pranke my ſelfe with flowers of the prime,
And thus Ile ſpend away my primeroſe time.

*Nurſe.* Ruftie, tuftie, are you ſo frolicke?
O that you knew as much as I doe, twould coole you.

*Lelia.* Why what know'ſt thou Nurſe? prithee tell me.

*Nurſe.* Heauy newes yfaith miſtreſſe,
You muſt be matcht & married to a husband; ha, ha, ha, ha, a husband yfaith.

*Lelia.* A Husband, Nurſe? why thats good newes if hee be a good one.

*Nurſe.* A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha: why Woman I heard your father ſay, that he would marrie you to *Peter Ploddall*, that Puckefiſt, that ſnudge ſnowte, that Cole carrierly Clowne. Lord, twould be as good as meate and drinke to me, to ſee how the foole would wooe you.

*Lelia.* No, no, my Father did but ieſt: thinkeſt thou that I can ſtoope ſo lowe to take a browne bread cruſt, and wed a Clowne thats brought vp at the Cart?

*Nurſe.* Cart quotha? I, heele cart you, for he cannot tell how to court you.

*Lelia.* Ah Nurſe, ſweet *Sophes* is the man,

Whoſe loue is lockt in *Lelias* tender breaſt,
This hart hath vow'd, (if heauens doe not denie,)
My loue with his intoomb'd in earth ſhall lye.

*Nurſe*. Peace Miſtreſſe, ſtand aſide, here comes ſome body.

*Enter* Sophos.

Sophos. *Optatis non eſt ſpes vlla potiri:*
Yet *Phœbus* ſend downe thy tralucent beames,
Behold the earth that mournes in ſad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* preſence gins to droope,
Whoſe trickling teares for *Lelias* loſſe
Do turne the Plains into a ſtanding Poole:
Sweete *Cynthia* ſmile, cheere vp the drouping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more ſee a ſunne-ſhine day,
O let the ſacred center of my heart,
I meane faire *Lelia* Natures faireſt worke,
Be once againe the obiect to mine eyes.
O but I wiſh in vaine, whilſt hir I wiſh to ſee,
Hir Father he obſcures hir from my ſight,
He pleades my want of wealth,
And ſaies it is a barre in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond fortune by hir fatall doome,
Predeſtin'd me to liue in hapleſſe hopes,
Still turning falſe hir fickle wauering wheele!
And Loues faire goddeſſe, with hir *Circian* cup,
Inchanteth ſo fond *Cupids* poiſoned darts,
That loue the only Loadſtarre of my life,
Doth drawe my thoughts into a labyrinth,
But ſtay:
What do I ſee, what do mine eyes behold?
(O happie ſight) it is faire *Lelias* face.
Haile heauens bright nymph the period of my grief,
Sole guidreſſe of my thoughts and author of my ioy.

*Lelia*. Sweet *Sophos* welcome to *Lelia*,
Faire *Dido Carthaginians* beautious Queene,
Not halfe ſo ioyfull was when as the *Troian* Prince,
*Eneas*, landed on the ſandie ſhores

Of

Of *Carthage* confines as thy *Lelia* is,
To ſee her *Sophos* here arriu'd by chance.
*Sophos.* And bleſt be chance that hath conducted me,
vnto the place where I might ſee my deare,
As deare to me as is the deareſt life.
*Nurſe.* Sir, you may ſee that Fortune is your friend.
*Sophos.* Yet Fortune fauours fooles,
*Nurſe.* By that concluſion you ſhould not be wiſe.
*Lelia.* Foule Fortune ſometime ſmiles on vertue faire.
*Sophos.* Tis then to ſhew her mutabilitie:
But ſince amidſt ten thouſand frowning threats
Of fickle fortunes thrice vnconſtant wheele,
She daines to ſhow one little pleaſing ſmile,
Lets do our beſt falſe Fortune to beguile,
And take aduantage of her euer changing moodes.
See, ſee, how *Tellus* ſpangled mantle ſmiles,
And birds do chant their rurall ſugred notes
As rauiſht with our meetings ſweet delights.
Since then ther fits for loue both time and place:
Let loue and liking hand in hand embrace.
*Nurſe.* Sir the next way to win her loue, is to linger her leyſure.
I meaſure my miſtreſſe by my louely ſelfe, make a promiſe to a man, and keep it, Ihaue but one fault, I neere made promiſe in my life, but I ſticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it home y faith.
If I promiſe my loue a kiſſe, Ile giue him two: marrie at firſt I will make nice, and crie fie, fie, and that will make him come againe and againe,
Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.
*Sophos.* But what ſaies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* loue?
*Lelia.* Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind boy,
That wrings theſe paſſions from my *Sophos* hart,
Hath likewiſe wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force perforce I yeeld the fortreſſe vp:
Here *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand receiue a loyall hart.

High *Ioue* that ruleth heauens bright Canopie,
Grant to our loue, a wiſht felicitie.
*Sophos.* As ioyes the wearie Pilgrim by the way,
When *Phebus* waues vnto the weſterne deepe,
To ſommon him to his deſired reſt:
Or as the poore diſtreſſed Mariner,
Long toſt by ſhipwracke on the foming waues,
At length beholds the long wiſht hauen,
Although from farre, his heart doth dance for ioy:
So Loues conſent at length my mind hath eaſ'd,
My troubled thoughts, by ſweet content are pleaſ'd.
*Lelia.* My father recks not vertue,
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,
And ſweares, his gold ſhall counterpoyſe his worth:
But *Lelia* ſcorn's proud *Mammon's* golden mines,
And better likes of learnings ſacred lore,
Then of fond Fortunes gliſtering mockeries:
But *Sophos* trie thy wits, and vſe thy vtmoſt skill
To pleaſe my father, and compaſſe his good will.
*Sophos.* To what faire *Lelia* wills, doth *Sophos* yeeld conſent,
Yet thats the troublous gulfe my ſilly ſhip muſt paſſe:
But were that venture harder to atchieue
Then that of *Iaſon* for the golden fleece,
I would effect it for ſweet *Lelias* ſake,
Or leaue my ſelfe as witneſſe of my thoughts.
*Nurſe.* How ſay you by that, miſtreſſe? heel doe any thing for your ſake.
*Lelia.* Thankes gentle loue.
But leaſt my father ſhould ſuſpect,
Whoſe iealous head with more than *Argus* eyes,
Doth meaſure euery geſture that I vſe,
Ile in and leaue you here alone,
Adieu ſweet friend vntill we meet againe,
Come *Nurſe* follow me. *Exeunt* Lelia *and* Nurſe.
*Sophos.* Farewell my loue, faire fortune be thy guide.
Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy ſelfe (knot.
How thou maiſt win her fathers will to knit this happie

Alas

Alas thy ſtate is poore, thy friends are few,
And feare forbids to tell my fates to friend:
Well, Ile trie my Fortunes;
And finde out ſome conuenient time,
When as her fathers leyſure beſt ſhal ſerue
To conferre with him about faire *Lelias* loue. *Exit* Sophos.

*Enter* Gripe, *olde* Ploddall, Churms *and* Will. Cricket.

*Gripe.* Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Maſter *Churms*, yare welcome to my houſe.
What newes in the Countrie, neighbour? you are a good husband, you ha done ſowing barley I am ſure.

*Ploddall.* Yes ſir ant pleaſe you, a fornight ſince.

*Gripe.* Maſter *Churms*, what ſaies my debters? can you get any money of them yet?

*Churms.* Not yet ſir, I doubt they are ſcarce able to pay, You muſt eene forboare them a while, theyle exclaime on you elſe.

*Gripe.* Let them exclaime and hang and ſtarue and beg, let me ha my money.

*Ploddall.* Heres this good fellow too, Maſter *Churms*, I muſt eene put him and his father ouer into your hands, theyle pay me no Rent.

*Will. Cric.* This good fellow quoth a? I ſcorne that baſe, broking, brabbling, brauling, baſtardly, bottlenoſ'd, beetle-brow'd, bean-bellied name.
Why, *Robin Goodfellow* is this ſame cogging, petifogging, crackeropes Calue-skin companion?
Put me and my father ouer to him? olde Siluer top and you had not put me before my father, I would ha——

*Ploddall.* What wouldſt ha done?

*Will.* I would haue had a ſnatch at you, that I would.

*Churms.* What art a dogge?

*Will.* No: if I had beene a dog, I would ha ſnapt of your noſe ere this; and ſo I ſhould haue coſend the Diuell of a Marriebone.

*Gripe.*

*Gripe.* Come, come, let me end this controuerſie. Prithee go thy waies in, & bid the boy bring a cup of Sacke here for my friends.

*Will.* Would you haue a ſacke Sir?

*Gripe.* A way foole, a cup of Sacke to drinke.

*Will.* O I had thought you would haue had a ſacke to haue put this lawcracking cogfoyſt in, in ſtead of a paire of ſtockes.

*Gripe.* Away foole, get thee in I ſay.

*Will.* Into the buttrie you meane?

*Gripe.* I prithee doe.

*Will.* Ile make your hogſhead of Sack rue that word.

*Exit* Will. Cricket.

*Gripe.* Neighbour *Ploddall*, I ſent a Letter to you, by Maſter *Churms*, how like you of the motion?

*Ploddall.* Marrie I like wel of the motion: my ſonne I tel you is eene all the ſtay I haue: and all my care is, to haue him take one that hath ſomething: for as the world goes now, if they haue nothing they may begge.
But I doubt hees too ſimple for your daughter. For I haue brought him vp hardly, with brown bread, fat bacon, puddinges and ſouce, and (barlady) wee thinke it good fare too.

*Gripe.* Tuſh man, I care not for that, you ha no more children: youle make him your heire, and giue him your lands, will you not?

*Ploddall.* Yes, hees eene all I haue, I haue no body elſe to beſtow it vpon.

*Gripe.* You ſay well.

*Enter* Wil. Cricket *and a Boy with Wine and a napkin.*

*Wil.* Nay here, you drinke afore you bargaine.

*Gr.* Mas, an tis a good motion: Boy, fill ſome wine. {He fills the wine & giues them the napkin.

Here Neighbour and M. *Churms* I drink to you.

*Both.* We thanke you Sir.

*Will.*

*Wil.* Lawer wipe cleane: do you remember?
*Churms.* Remember, why?
*Wil.* Why ſince you know when.
*Churms.* Since when?
*Wil.* Why ſince you were bumbaſted, that your lubberly legges would not carrie your lobcocke bodie;
When you made an infuſion of your ſtinking excrements, in your ſtalking implements:
O you were plaguy frayd, and fowly raide.
*Gripe.* Prithee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*, what ſay you to this match: ſhall it go forward?
*Ploddall.* Sir, that muſt be as our children like.
For my ſonne, I thinke I can rule him:
Marrie, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hees very ſimple.
*Gripe.* My daughters mine to command, haue I not brought her vp to this?
She ſhal haue him: Ile rule the roſte for that,
Ile giue her pounds and crownes, gold and ſiluer:
Ile way her downe in pure angell gold,
Say man, ſſt a match?
*Ploddall.* Faith, I agree.
*Churms.* But Sir, if you giue your daughter ſo large a dowrie, youle haue ſome part of his land conueied to her by iointure.
*Gripe.* Yes marrie that I will:
And weele deſire your helpe for conueiance.
*Ploddall.* I, good Maſter *Churms*, and you ſhall be very well contented for your paines.
*Will.* I marrie, thats it he lookt for all this while.
*Churms.* Sir, I will do the beſt I can.
*Will.* But Landlord: I can tell you newes y faith,
There is one *Sophos*, a braue genman, heele wipe your ſonne *Peters* noſe, of Miſtreſſe *Lelia*, I can tell you he loues her well.
*Gripe.* Nay, I trow:
*Will.* Yes I know, for I am ſure I ſaw them cloſe toge-

ther at Pupnoddie, in her Cloſet.
*Gripe.* But I am ſure ſhe loues not him.
*Will.* Nay, I dare take it on my death ſhe loues him,
For hees a ſcholler: and ware ſchollers, they haue tricks for loue yfaith, for with a little Logicke & *pitome colloquium* theile make a wench do any thing:
Landlord, pray ye be not angrie with me, for ſpeaking my conſcience.
In good faith, your ſonne *Peters* a verie Clowne to him:
Why, hees as fine a man as a wench can ſee in a ſommers day.
*Gripe.* Well, that ſhall not ſerue his tourne, Ile croſſe him, I warrant ye.
I am glad I know it: I haue ſuſpected it a great while.
*Sophos?* why, whats *Sophos?* a baſe fellow.
Indeed he has a good wit, and can ſpeake well,
Hees a ſcholler forſooth: one that has more wit then mony,
And I like not that: he may beg for all that.
Schollers? why what are ſchollers without money?
*Ploddall.* Faith, eene like puddings without ſuet.
*Gripe.* Come, Neighbour, ſend your ſonne to my houſe,
For he ſhall be welcome to me:
And my daughter ſhall intertaine him kindly.
What? I can, and will rule *Lelia.*
Come lets in, Ile diſcharge *Sophos* from my houſe preſently. *Exeunt* Gripe *and* Ploddall *and* Churms.
*Will.* A horne plague of this money,
For it cauſes many hornes to bud:
And for money many men are hornd.
For when maids are forc't to loue where they like not,
It makes them lye where they ſhould not.
Ile be hangd, if ere miſtreſſe *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall,*
I ſweare by this button cap (do you marke)
And by the round, ſound, and profound contents (do you vnderſtand)
Of this coſtly Codpeece, (being a good proper man as yee ſee) that I could get her as ſoone as he, my ſelfe:

An

And if I had not a moneths mind in another place,
I would haue a fling at her thats flat:
But I muſt ſet a good holiday face ont,
And go a wooeing to prittie *Pegge*: well, Ile too her yfaith
While tis in my mind; But ſtay, Ile ſee how I can woo before I goe: they ſay, Vſe makes perfectneſſe:
Looke you now, ſuppoſe this were *Pegge*,
Now I ſet my cap oth'to ſide on this faſhion (do ye ſee?) then ſay I,
Sweet hony, bonny, ſuger candie, *Pegge*,
Whoſe face more faire, then Brocke my fathers Cow,
Whoſe eyes do ſhine like bacon rine,
Whoſe lips are blew of azure hew,
Whoſe crooked noſe downe to her chin doth bow.
For you know I muſt begin to commend her beautie,
And then I will tell her plainely, that I am in loue with her, ouer my high ſhooes, and then I will tell her that I do nothing of nights but ſleepe and thinke on her, and ſpecially of mornings:
And that does make my ſtomacke ſo riſe, that Ile be ſworn, I can turne me three or foure bowles of porredge ouer in a morning afore breakefaſt.

*Enter* Robin-Goodfellow.

*Robin Goodfellow.* How now ſirra, what make you here, with all that timber in your necke?

*Will.* Timber? Sounds, I thinke he be a witch,
How knew he this were Timber?
Mas Ile ſpeake him faire, and get out ons companie: for I am afraid on him.

*Robin.* Speake man, what art afraid? what makeſt here?

*Will.* A poore fellow Sir, ha bin drinking two or three pots of ale at an alehouſe, and ha loſt my way Sir.

*Robin.* O, nay then I ſee thou art a good fellow,
Seeſt thou not Maſter *Churms* the Lawer to day?

*Will.* No Sir, would you ſpeake with him.

*Robin.* I marrie would I.

*Will.* If I ſee him, Ile tell him you would ſpeake with him.

*Robin.* Nay, prithee ſtay, who wilt thou tell him would ſpeake with him?

*Will.* Marrie you Sir.

*Robin.* I, who am I?

*Will.* Faith Sir I know not.

*Robin.* If thou ſeeſt him, tell him *Robin Goodfellow* wold ſpeake with him.

*Will.* O, I will Sir. *Exit.* Wil. Cr.

*Robin.* Mas, the fellow was afraid,
I play the Bugbeare whereſoere I come,
And make them al afraid,
But here comes Maſter *Churms.*

*Enter* Churms.

*Churms.* Fellow *Robin*, God ſaue you, I haue beene ſeeking for you in euerie Ale-houſe, in the Towne.

*Robin.* What, Maſter *Churms*? Whats the beſt newes abroad? tis long ſince I ſee you.

*Churms.* Faith little newes: but yet I am glad I haue met with you.
I haue a matter to impart to you, wherein you may ſtand me in ſome ſtead, and make a good benefit to your ſelfe: if we can deale cunningly, twill be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

*Robin.* A double fee? ſpeake man, what iſt?
If it be to betray mine owne father, Ile doot for halfe a fee:
And for cunning let me alone.

*Churms.* Why, then this it is.
Here is Maſter *Gripe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mightie wealth, who has but one daughter, her Dowrie is her waight in gold.
Now Sir, this old penny father would marry her, to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* ſonne and heire,
Whom though his father meanes to leaue verie rich,
Yet hees a verie Idiot and Browne bread Clowne:

And

And one *I* know the wench does deadly hate,
And though their friends haue giuen their full consent,
And both agreed on this vnequall match.
Yet *I* know that *Lelia* wil neuer marrie him:
But theres another riuall, in hir loue, one *Sophos*,
And hees a Scholler,
One whom *I* thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loues,
But hir Father hates him as he hates a toad,
For hees in want, and *Gripe* gapes after golde,
And still relies vpon the olde sayd Saw;
*Si nihil attuleris &c.*

*Robin.* And wherein can *I* doe you good in this?

*Churms.* Marrie thus Sir:
*I* am of late growne passing familiar with M. *Gripe*,
And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second selfe;
Now Sir, Ile fit my selfe to the olde crummy Churls humors, and make them belieue Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*, and so get free accesse to the wench at my pleasure:
Now oth other side Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too;
Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with hir loue to him:
And for becauſe hir Father much ſuſpects the ſame,
He mewes hir vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And ſo reſtraines hir from hir *Sophos* ſight.
Ile ſay, becauſe ſhe doth repoſe more truſt,
Of ſecrecie in me, then in another man,
In courteſie ſhe hath requeſted me,
To do hir kindeſt greetings to hir Loue,

*Robin.* An excellent deuiſe, yfaith.

*Churms.* I Sir, and by this meanes, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*.
I ſhall knowe his ſecrets euen from the very bottome of his heart:
Nay more Sir, you ſhall ſee me deale ſo cunningly, that he ſhall make me an inſtrument to compaſſe his deſire,

When God knowes I meane nothing leſſe.
*Qui diſſimulare neſcit, neſcit viuere.*
*Robin.* Why this will be ſport alone,
But what would you haue me doe in this action?
*Churmes.* Marry as I play with to hand, play you with tother.
Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,
Make him believe youle worke miracles,
And that you haue a powder will make *Lelia* loue him.
Nay what wil he not believe, and take all that comes (you know my mind)
And ſo weele make a gull of the one, and a gooſe of the other.
And if wee can inuent any deuiſe, to bring the ſcholler in diſgrace with hir: I doe not doubt but with your helpe to creep betweene the bark and the tree, and get *Lelia* my ſelfe.
*Robin.* Tuſh man, I haue a deuiſe in my head already to doe that:
But they ſay hir brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearely.
*Churms.* Tut hees out of the Countrey,
He followes the drumme and the flagge.
He may chance to be kild with a double Canon before hee come home againe:
But whats your deuiſe?
*Robin.* Marrie Ile do this;
Ile frame an Inditement againſt *Sophos*, in manner and forme of a Rape, and the next Law day you ſhall preferre it; that ſo *Lelia* may loath him,
Hir Father ſtill deadly hate him,
And the young Gallant hir brother vttetly forſake him.
*Churms.* But how ſhall we prooue it?
*Robin.* Sounds weele hire ſome Strumpet or other to be ſworne againſt him.
*Churms.* Now (by the ſubſtance of my ſoule) tis an excellent deuiſe.
Well, lets in, Ile firſt try my cunning otherwiſe, and if all faile, weele trie this concluſion. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Mother Midnight, Nurſe *and* Pegge.

*Mother M.* Yfaith *Marget* you muſt eene take your daughter *Pegge* home againe,
For ſheele not bee rul'd by mee.

*Nurſe.* Why *Mother?* what will ſhe not doe?

*Mother M.* Faith ſhe neither did nor does, nor will do any thing:
Send hir tuth market with egs: ſheele ſell them and ſpend the money,
Set hir to make a pudding, ſheele put in no ſuet,
Sheele run out of nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peepe:
Bid hir come to bed, ſheele come when ſhe liſt.
Ah tis a naſtie ſhame to ſee hir bringing vp.

*Nurſe.* Out you Rogue, you arrant &c.
What know'ſt not thy Granam?
I know hir to be a teatie olde foole,
Shees neuer well, grunting in a corner.

*Mother M.* Nay ſheele campe (I warrant ye) O ſhe has a tongue.
But *Marget* eene take hir home to your Miſtreſſe, and there keepe hir: for Ile keepe hir no longer.

*Nurſe.* Mother pray yee take ſome paines with hir, and keep hir a while longer; and if ſhe doe not mend, Ile beat hir blacke and blew, yfaith Ile not faile you Minion.

*Mother M.* Faith at thy requeſt, Ile take hir home and try hir a weeke longer.

*Nurſe.* Come on huſwife pleaſe you Granam, and bee a good wench, and you ſhall ha my bleſſing.

*Mother M.* Come follow vs good Wench.

*Exeunt* Moth. Mid. *and* Nurſe: *Manet* Peg.

*Pegge.* I, farewell, faire weather after you,
Your bleſſing quotha? Ile not giue a ſingle halpennie fort,
Who would liue vnder a Mothers noſe & a Granams tong?
A Maid cannot loue, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but heers ſuch tittle tattle, and doe not ſo, and be not ſo light, and be not ſo fond, and do not kiſſe, and do not loue; and

I cannot tell what,
And I muſt loue an I hang fort:
A ſweet thing is loue [*Shee ſinges.*
That rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in the World
To Women that are kinde.
Well Ile not ſtay with hir: ſtay quotha?
To be yold and iold at, and tumbled, and tumbled, and toſt and tourn'd as I am by an olde Hagge,
I will not, no I wil not y faith.

[*Enter* Will Cricket.]

But ſtay, I muſt put on my ſmirking lookes and ſmiling countenance.
For here comes one makes dominatiõ ſuit to be my ſprus'd husband.

*Will.* Lord, that my heart would ſerue me to ſpeake to hir, now ſhe talks of hir ſprus'd husband.
Well Ile ſet a good face ont,
Now Ile clap me as cloſe to hir as *Iones* buttockes of a cloſe ſtoole, and come ouer hir with my rowling, rattling, rumbling eloquence.
Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, daintie *Pegge*, braue *Pegge*, kind Pegge, comely Pegge, my nutting, my ſweeting, my Loue, my doue, my honnie, my bonnie, my ducke, my deare and my deareling:
Grace me with thy pleaſant eyes,
And loue without delay:
And caſt not with thy crabbed lookes
A proper man awaie.

*Pegge.* Why *William* whats the matter?

*Will.* Whats the matter quotha?
Faith I ha been in a faire taking, for you, a bots on you.
For tother day after I had ſeene you, preſently my belly began to rumble:
Whats the matter, thought I?
With that I bethought my ſelfe, and the ſweete comportenance

nance of that ſame ſweet round face of thine came into my mind:
Out went I, and Ile bee ſworne I was ſo neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.
And doſt heare *Pegge?*
*If* thou doſt not grant mee thy good will in the way of marriage;
Firſt and formoſt Ile run out of my cloathes, and then out of my wits for thee.

*Pegge.* Nay *William* I would bee loth you ſhould doe ſo for me.

*Will.* Will you looke merrily on me and loue me then?

*Pegge.* Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

*Will.* Care not greatly if I doe? what an anſwers that? If thou wilt ſay, I *Pegge* take thee *William* to my ſpruce husband.

*Peg.* Why ſo I wil, but we muſt haue more company for witneſſes firſt.

*Will.* That needes not: heers good ſtore of yong men & maides here.

*Pegge.* Why then heers my hand.

*Will.* Faith thats honeſtly ſpoken: ſay after me.
I *Pegge Pudding* promiſe thee *William Cricket*,
That Ile hold thee for mine owne ſweet Lilly,
While I haue an head in mine eye, and a face on my noſe, a mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman ſhould haue,
from the crowne of my foote, to the ſole of my head,
Ile claſpe thee and clip thee, coll thee and kiſſe thee,
Till I be better then naught, and worſe than nothing:
When thou art ready to ſleepe, Ile be ready to ſnort:
When thou art in health, Ile be in gladneſſe:
When thou art ſick, Ile be ready to dy:
When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:
And thereupon I ſtrike the good lucke,
Well ſayd yfaith:
O I could find in my hoſe to pocket thee in my heart.
Come my heart of golde, lets haue a daunce at the making

vp of this match :
Strike vp *Tom Piper*. *They dance.*
Come *Pegge* Ile take the paines to bring thee homeward,
And at twylight, looke for me againe. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Robin Goodfellow*, and *P. Ploddall.*

*Robin.* Come hither my honeſt friend: M. *Churms* tolde me you had a ſuit to me,
Whats the matter?

*Peter.* Pray ye Sir is your name *Robin Goodfellow?*

*Robin.* My name is *Robin Goodfellow.*

*Peter.* Marrie Sir I heare yare a very cunning man Sir; And ſirreuerence of your worſhip Sir, Iam going a woeing to one M. *Lelia* a Gentlewoman here hard by,
Pray ye Sir tel me how I ſhould behaue my ſelfe, to get hir to my wife.
For Sir there is a Scholler about hir:
Now if you can tell mee, how I ſhould wipe his noſe of hir, I would beſtow a fee of you.

*Robin.* Let mee ſeet, and thou ſhalt ſee what Ile ſay to thee. *He giues him money.*
Well, follow my counſaile and Ile warrant thee,
*I*le giue thee a loue powder for thy wench,
And a kinde of *Nux vomica* in a potion, ſhall make hir come off yfaith.

*Peter.* Shall *I* trouble you ſo farre to take ſome paines with me?
*I* am loth to haue the dodge.

*Robin.* Tuſh feare not the dodge;
*I*le rather put on my flaſhing red noſe, and my flaming face, and come wrapt in a Calue skin and crie bo ho:
*I*le fray the Scholler *I* warrant thee.
But firſt go to hir, try what thou canſt doe,
Perhaps ſheele loue thee without any further a doe,
But thou muſt tell hir, thou haſt a good ſtocke; ſome 100. or 200. a yeare, & that will ſet hir hard I warrant thee.

For

For bith Mas, *I* was once in good comfort to haue coſend a Wench:
And wots thou what *I* tolde hir?
*I* tolde hir *I* had a hundred pound land a yeare, in a place where *I* haue not the breadth of my little finger.
*I* promiſed hir to infeoffe hir in 40. pounds a yeare of it: & I think of my conſcience, if I had had but as good a face as thine,
I ſhould haue made hir haue curſt the time that euer ſhe ſee mee.
And thus muſt thou doe, cracke, and lye, and face,
And thou ſhalt triumph mightily.

*Peter.* I need not do ſo, for I may ſay and ſay true,
I haue lands and liuing inough for a countrey fellow.

*Robin.* Barlady ſo had not I, I was faine to ouerreach as many times I doe.
But now experience has taught me ſo much craft, that I excell in cunning.

*Peter.* Well Sir, then Ile be bold to truſt your cunning,
And ſo Ile bid you farewell and goe forward,
Ile too hir, thats flat.

*Robin.* Do ſo: and let me heare how you ſpeede.

*Peter.* That I will Sir. *Exit* Peter.

*Robin.* Well, a good beginning makes a good end,
Heers ten groats for doing nothing,
I con M. *Churmes* thankes for this,
For this was his deuiſe:
And therefore Ile goe ſeeke him out, and giue him a quart of wine,
And know of him how he deales with the ſcholler. *Exit.*

*Enter* Churmes *and* Sophos.

*Churmes.* Why? looke you Sir, by the Lord I can but wonder at hir Father,
He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing vp:
And though your wealth be not anſwerable to his;
Yet by heauens I thinke you are worthy to doe farre bet-

ter then *Lelia*, yet I know ſhe loues you dearely.

*Sophos*. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*,
Ioyd not ſo much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* ioyes in *Lelias* hop't-for loue,
Whoſe lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And make the proud beholders ſtand at gaze,
To draw Loues picture from hir glancing eye.

*Chur*. And I wil ſtretch my wits vnto the higheſt ſtraine
To further *Sophos* in his wiſht deſires.

*Sophos*. Thankes gentle Sir. [*Enter* Gripe.]
But truce a while, here comes hir Father,
I muſt ſpeake a word or two with him. [*ſpeakes to himſelfe.*]

*Churms* I heele giue you your anſwere (*I* warrant ye)

*Sophos*. God ſaue you Sir.

*Gripe*. O Mr. *Sophos* : *I* haue longd to ſpeake with you a great while,
*I* heare, you ſeeke my daughter *Lelias* loue,
*I* hope you will not ſeeke to diſhoneſt me, nor diſgrace my daughter.

*Sophos*. No Sir: a man may aske a yea,
A Woman may ſay nay,
Shee is in choice to take hir choice:
Yet *I* muſt confeſſe *I* loue *Lelia*.

*Gripe*. Sir *I* muſt be plaine with you : *I* like not of your loue,
*Lelias* mine, Ile chooſe for *Lelia*,
And therefore *I* would wiſh you not to frequent my houſe any more,
Its better for you to ply your booke, and ſeeke for ſome preferment that way, than to ſeeke for a wife before you know how to maintaine hir.

*Sophos*. *I* am not rich, *I* am not very poore,
*I* neither want nor euer ſhall exceede,
The meane is my content, *I* liue twixt two extreames.

*Gripe*. Well, well, *I* tell yee, *I* like not ye ſhould come to my houſe, and preſume ſo proudly to match your poore pedigree with my daughter *Lelia*, and therefore *I* charge you

you to get you off of my ground: and come no more at my houſe:
Ilike not this learning without liuing, I.

*Sophos.* He needs muſt goe that the diuell driues.
*Sic virtus ſine Cenſu languet.* *Exit* Sophos.

*Gripe.* O Ma. *Churms*, cry you mercy Sir, *I* ſaw not you: *I* think *I* haue ſent the ſcholler away with a flea in his eare.
*I* trow heele come no more at my houſe.

*Churms.* No, for if he doe you may indite him for comming of your ground.

*Gripe.* Wel, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter,
She ſhal neither go to him, nor ſend to him,
Ile watch her (Ile warrant her,)
Before God Maſter *Churms*, it is the peeuiſheſt girle, that euer I knew in my life, ſhee will not be rul'd I doubt.
Pray ye ſir, do you indeuour to perſwade her to take *Peter Ploddall.*

*Churms.* I warrant ye, Ile perſwade her: feare not.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Lelia *and* Nurſe.

*Lelia.* What ſorrow ſeiſeth on my heauy heart?
Conſuming care poſſeſſeth euerie part:
Heart-ſad *Erinnis* keeps his manſion Here,
Within the Cloſure of my wofull breaſt;
And blacke deſpaire with Iron Scepter ſtands,
And guides my thoughts, downe to his hatefull Cell.
The wanton windes with whiſtling murmure beare
My pearcing plaints along the deſert plaines,
And woods and groues do eccho forth my woes,
The earth below relents in Cryſtall teares,
When heauens aboue by ſome malignant courſe
Of fatall ſtarres are authors of my griefe.
Fond Loue, go hide thy ſhafts in Follies den,
And let the world forget thy Childiſh force,

Or elſe flye, flye, pearce *Sophos* tender breaſt,
That he may helpe to ſympathize theſe plaints
That wring theſe teares from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

*Nurſe.* Why, how now Miſtreſſe; what, is it loue that makes you weepe, and toſſe and tourne ſo a nights when you are in bed?
Saint *Leonard* grant you fall not loue ſicke.

*Lelia.* I, thats the point, that pearceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed
And ſo make lauiſh of my loathed life:
Or gentle heauens would ſmile with faire aſpect,
And ſo giue better fortunes to my loue.
Why, iſt not a plague to be a priſoner to mine own father?

*Nurſe.* Yes, ants a ſhame for him to vſe you ſo too.
But be of good cheare Miſtreſſe: Ile go to *Sophos* euery day Ile bring you tidings and tokens too from him (Ile warrant yee,) and if he wil ſend you a kiſſe or two, Ile bring it, let me alone, I am good at a dead lift.
Marry, I cannot blame you for louing of *Sophos*.
Why, hees a man as one ſhould picture him in waxe.
But Miſtreſſe, out vpons, wipe your eyes.
For here comes another wooer. *Enter* Peter Ploddall.

*Peter.* Miſtreſſe *Lelia*, God ſpeed you.

*Lelia.* Thats more then we neede at this time, for we are doing nothing.

*Peter.* I were as good ſay a good word as a bad.

*Lelia.* But its more wiſedome to ſay nothing at all, then ſpeake to no purpoſe.

*Peter.* My purpoſe is to wiue you.

*Lelia.* And mine, is neuer to wed you,

*Peter.* Belike, yare in loue with ſome body elſe.

*Nurſe.* No, but ſhees luſtily promiſ'd:
Heare you: you with long rifle by your ſide, do you lacke a wife?

*Peter.* Call you this a rifle? its a good backe ſword.

*Nurſe.* Why, then you with backe ſword, lets ſee your backe.

*Peter.*

*Peter.* Nay, I muſt ſpeake with Miſtreſſe *Lelia* before I goe.

*Lelia.* What would you with me?

*Peter.* Marry, I haue heard verie wel of you, and ſo has my father too.
And he has ſent me to you a woeing,
And if you haue any minde of marriage,
I hope I ſhal maintaine you as wel as any husbandmans wife in the Countrie.

*Nurſe.* Maintaine her with what?

*Peter.* Marrie, with my Lands and liuings my father has promiſ'd me.

*Lelia.* I haue heard much of your wealth: but I neuer, knew your manners before now.

*Peter.* Faith, I haue no Mannors, but a prittie homeſtall, and we haue great ſtore of Oxen, and Horſes, and Carts, and Plowes, and houſhold ſtuffe bomination:
And great flocks of ſheepe, and flocks of Geeſe, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes; O, we haue a fine yarde of Pullen.
And thanke God: heres a fine weather for my fathers Lambes.

*Lelia.* I cannot liue content in diſcontent.
For as no muſicke can delight the eares,
Where all the parts of Diſcords are compoſed:
So wedlocke bands will ſtill conſiſt in iarres,
Where in condition theres no ſympathie.
Then reſt your ſelfe contented with this anſwere,
I cannot loue.

*Peter.* Its no matter what you ſay. For my father tolde me thus much before I came, that you would be ſomething nice at firſt: but he bad me like you nere the worſe for that; for I were the liker to ſpeede.

*Lilea.* Then you were beſt leaue of your ſuit till ſome other time: and when my leaſure ſerues me to loue you, Ile ſend you word.

*Peter.* Will you? wel then Ile take my leaue of you, and

if

if I may heare from you, Ile pay the meſſenger well for his paines.

But ſtay: Gods death, I had almoſt forgot my ſelfe. Prayee let me kiſſe your hand ore I goe.

*Nurſe.* Faith Miſtreſſe, his mouth runs a water for a kiſſe: a little would ſerue his turne belike. Let him kiſſe your hand.

*Lelia.* Ile not ſticke for that. *He kiſſeth her hand.*

*Peter.* Miſtreſſe *Lelia*, God be with you.

*Lelia.* Farewell *Peter*. *Exit* Peter.

Thus Lucre, ſet in golden Chaire of ſtate,
When learning's bid, Stand by, and keepes a loofe:
This greedie humor fits my fathers vaine,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine. *Enter Chur.*

*Nurſe.* Miſtreſſe take heede you ſpeake nothing that will beare action, for here comes Maſter *Churms* the Pettifogger.

*Churms.* Miſtreſſe *Lelia* reſt you merrie,
Whats the reaſon you and your *Nurſe* walke here all alone?

*Lelia.* Becauſe, Sir, wee deſire no other companie but our owne.

*Churms.* Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you companie.

*Nurſe.* O Sir, you and hee that is her owne are farre aſunder.

*Churms.* But if ſhee pleaſe, we may be neerer.

*Lelia.* That cannot bee: mine owne is neerer then my ſelfe.
And yet my ſelfe, alas, am not mine owne:
Thoughts, feares, deſpaires, tenne thouſand dreadfull dreames:
Thoſe are mine owne, and theſe do keepe me companie.

*Churms.* Before God, I muſt confeſſe, your father is too cruell,
To keepe you thus ſequeſtred from the world,
To ſpend your prime of youth, thus in obſcuritie,

And

And ſeeke to wed you to an Idiot foole
That knowes not how to vſe himſelfe:
Could my deſerts but anſwere my deſires,
I ſweare by Sol faire *Phœbus* ſiluer eye,
My heart would wiſh no higher to aſpire,
Then to be grac't with *Lelias* loue.
By *Ieſus*, *I* cannot play the diſſembler,
And wooe my loue with courting ambages,
Like one whoſe loue hangs on his ſmooth tongues ende,
But in a word, I tell the ſumme of my deſires,
*I* loue faire *Lelia.*
By her my paſſions daily are increaſ'd,
And *I* muſt die, vnleſſe by *Lelias* loue they be releaſ'd.

*Lelia.* Why Maſter *Churms*, *I* had thought you had been my fathers great Counſellor in all theſe actions.

*Churms.* Nay, Damne me if I be:
By heauens, ſweet Nymph I am not.

*Nurſe.* Maſter *Churms*, you are one can doe much with her father: and if you loue her as you ſay, perſwade him to vſe her more kindly, and giue her libertie to take her choiſe, for theſe made mariages prooue not well.

*Churms.* I proteſt I will.

*Lelia.* So *Lelia* ſhal accept thee as her friend:
Meane while, *Nurſe* lets in:
My long abſence I know, will make my father muſe.

*Exeunt* Lelia *and* Nurſe.

*Churms.* So *Lelia* ſhal accept thee as her friend?
Who can but ruminate vpon theſe words?
Would ſhe had ſaid, her loue:
But tis no matter: firſt creepe and then goe,
Now her friend: the next degree is *Lelias* loue.
Well, Ile perſwade her father to let her haue a little more libertie.
But ſoft: Ile none of that neither,
So the Scholler may chance coſen me.
Perſwade him to keepe her in ſtill:
And before ſheele haue *Peter Ploddall*, ſheele haue anybo-

die, and ſo I ſhal be ſure that *Sophos* ſhal neuer come at her.
Why Ile warrant ye, ſheele be glad to run away with me at length.
Hang him, that has no ſhifts.
I promiſ'd *Sophos*, to further him in his ſuite:
But if I do, Ile be peckt to death with hens.
I ſwore to *Gripe*, I would perſwade *Lelia*, to loue *Peter Plod-dall.*
But God forgiue me, twas the furtheſt ende of my thought.
Tut, whats an othe? euerie man for himſelfe.
Ile ſhift for one, I warrant ye. *Exit.*

*Enter* Fortunatus, Solus.

*Fortu.* Thus haue I paſt the beating billows of the ſea,
By *Ithacs* rocks, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And wafted ſafe, from *Mars* his bloudie fields
Where trumpets ſound Tantara to the fight,
And here arriu'd for to repoſe my ſelfe,
Vpon the borders of my natiue ſoyle.
Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happie courſe,
Vnto thy fathers houſe, to greet thy deareſt friends.
And if that ſtill thy aged ſire ſuruiue
Thy preſence wil reuiue his drouping ſprites, (bloud,
And cauſe his withered cheekes bee ſprent with youthfull
Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.
But ſoft, who comes here? *(Stand aſide.)*

*Enter* Robin Goodfellow.

*Robin.* I wonder I heare not of Maſter *Churms*,
I would faine know how he ſpeedes,
And what ſucceſſe he has in *Lelias* loue:
Well, if he couſen the Scholler of her,
T'would make my worſhip laugh:
And if he haue her, hee may ſay god a mercy *Robin Good-fellow.*
O ware a good head as long as you liue.
Why, Maſter *Gripe* he caſts beyond the moone,

And

And *Churms* is the only man, he puts in truſt with his daugh
ter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it vpon his
ſaluation, that he wil perſwade her to marry *Peter Ploddall*:
But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile looke him ith face and picke his purſe,
Whil'ſt *Churms* coſen him of his wench,
And my old gandſir Holdfaſt of his daughter.
And if he can do ſo:
Ile teach him a tricke to coſen him of his gold too.
Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the willow garland,
And play the melancholie Malecontent
And plucke his hat downe in his ſullen eyes,
And thinke on *Lelia*, in theſe deſert groues:
Tis ynough for him to haue her, in his thoughts;
Although he nere imbrace her in his armes.
But now, theres a fine deuiſe comes in my head,
To ſcarre the Scholler:
You ſhall ſee, Ile make fine ſport with him.
They ſay, that euery day he keepes his walke
Amongſt theſe woods and melancholy ſhades,
And on the barke of euerie ſenſeleſſe tree
Ingraues the tenour of his haples hope.
Now when hees at *Venus* altar at his Oriſons;
Ile put me on my great carnation noſe
And wrap me in a rowſing Calueskin ſuite,
And come like ſome Hob goblin or ſome diuell,
Aſcended from the grieſly pit of hell:
And like a Scarbabe make him take his legges:
Ile play the diuel, I warrant ye. *Exit* Robin Goodf.

*Fortunatus.* And if you do: (by this hand) Ile play the
coniurer.
Bluſh *Fortunatus*, at thy baſe conceit,
To ſtand aloofe, like one thats in a trance,
And with thine eyes behold that miſcreant Impe
(Whoſe tongue more venome then the ſerpents ſting)
Before thy face thus taunt thy deareſt friends,
I, thine owne father with reproachful tearmes,

Thy Sister *Lelia*, shee is bought and sold,
And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
Is made a stale by this base cursed Crew
And damned den of vagrant runagates.
But here in sight of sacred heauens I sweare,
By all the sorrowes of the *Stygian* soules,
By *Mars* his bloudie blade and faire *Bellonas* bowers
I vow, these eyes shal nere behold my fathers face,
These feete shal neuer passe these desert plaines:
But Pilgrim like Ile wander in these woods
Vntill I find out *Sophos* secret walkes,
And sound the depth of all their plotted drifts,
Nor will I cease vntill these hands reuenge
Th'iniurious wrong thats offred to my friend,
Vpon the workers of this stratageme. *Exit.*

*Enter* Pegge, Sola.

*Pegge.* Yfaith, yfaith, I canot tell what to doe,
I loue, and I loue, and I cannot tell whoe, Out vpon this loue.
For wat you what? I haue suitors comes huddle, twoes vpon twoes, and threes vpon threes, and what thinke you troubles me?
I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else noe bargaine.

*Enter* Wil Cricket, *and kisses hir.*

*Will.* A bargain yfaith: ha my sweet honnie sops how doost thou?

*Pegge.* Well I thanke you *William*, now I see yare a man of your word.

*Will.* A man of my word quotha? why I nere broke promise in my life that I kept.

*Pegge.* No *William* I know you did not,
But I had thought you had forgotten me.

*Will.* Dost heare *Pegge*? if ere I forget thee,
I pray God I may neuer remember thee.

Pegge.

*Pegge.* Peace here comes my Granam Midnight.

*Enter* Mother Midnight.

*Mother M.* What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge* I ſay? what *Pegge* my wench?
Why where art thou trowe?

*Pegge.* Here Granam, at your elbow.

*Moth. M.* What mak'ſt here this twatter light?
I thinke thart in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

*Will.* Sounds, foole in your face: foole? O monſtrous intitulation:
Foole? O diſgrace to my perſon: ſounds, foole not me, for I cannot brooke ſuch a colde raſher I can tell you: giue me but ſuch an other word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer een of thy butter tooth, thou toothleſſe trot thou.

*Moth. M.* Nay *William* pray ye be not angry, you muſt beare with olde folkes,
They be olde and teaſtie, hot and haſtie: ſet not your wit againſt mine *William*,
For I thought you no harme by my troth.

*Will.* Well, your good words haue ſomething laide my coller.
But Granam ſhall I be ſo bolde to come to your houſe now and then to keep *Pegge* company?

*Moth. M.* I, and beſhrowe thy good heart and thou dooſt not,
Come, and weele haue a piece of a barley bagpudding or ſomething,
And thou ſhalt be very heartily welcome that thou ſhalt,
And *Pegge* ſhall bid thee welcome too: pray ye maide bid him welcome and make much on him, for by my vay hees a good proper ſpringold.

*Pegge.* Granam: if you did but ſee him dance twoulde doe your heart good:
Lord, twould make any bodie loue him, to ſee how finely heele foote it.

*Moth. M. William*, prithee goe home to my houſe

with vs, and taſte a cup of our beere, and learne to knowe the way, againe another time.

*Will.* Come on Granam, Ile man you home yfaith: Come *Pegge*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Gripe, *olde* Ploddall, *and his ſonne* Peter *and* Churmes *the Lawyer*.

*Ploddal.* Come hither *Peter*, hold vp your head: wheres your cap and leg ſir boy, ha?

*Peter.* By your leaue maſter *Gripe*.

*Gripe.* Welcome *Peter*, giue me thy hand: thart welcome; Barlady, this a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour? call you him a boy?

*Ploddall.* A good prittie ſquat ſquare ſpringold Sir.

*Gripe.* *Peter*, you ha ſeene my daughter I am ſure: how do you like hir?
What ſayes ſhe to you?

*Peter.* Faith I like hir well, and I haue broken my mind to hir, and ſhe would ſay neither I nor no;
But, thanke God Sir, we parted good friends,
For ſhe let me kiſſe hir hand and bad Farewel *Peter*.
And therfore I thinke I am like enough to ſpeed: how think you Maſter *Churms?*

*Churms.* Marry I thinke ſo too,
For ſhee did ſhow no token of any diſlike of your motion, did ſhe?

*Peter.* No not a whit Sir.

*Churms.* Why, then I warrant ye:
For we hold in our Law, that *Idem eſt non apparere & non eſſe*.

*Gripe.* Maiſter *Churms*, I pray you do ſo much as call my daughter hither,
I wil make her ſure here to *Peter Ploddall*, and Ile deſire you to be a witneſſe.

*Churms.* With all my heart Sir. *Exit* Churms.

*Gripe.* Before God, neighbour, this ſame Maſter *Churms* is a very good Lawer: for Ile warrant, you cannot ſpeake any

any thing, but he has law for it *ad vnguem*,
*Ploddall.* Marrie eene the more ioy on him,
And hees one that I am very much beholding to:
But here comes your daughter.
*Enter* Churms, Lelia *and* Nurſe.
*Lelia.* Father did you ſend for me?
*Gripe.* I weuch I did, come hither *Lelia*, giue mee thy hand.
Mr. *Churms*, I pray you beare witneſſe,
I here giue *Lelia* to *P. Ploddall.* *She pluckes away hir hand.*
How now?
*Nurſe.* Sheele none ſhe thankes you Sir.
*Gripe.* Will ſhe not? why how now I ſay?
What? you pewling peeuiſh thing, you vntoward baggage?
Will you not be rul'd by your Father?
Haue I tane care to bring you vp to this?
And will you do as you liſt?
Away I ſay, hang, ſtarue, begge; be gone, packe I ſay: out of my ſight,
Thou nere getſt penny-worth of my goods, for this:
Thinke ont, I do not vſe to ieſt: } *Exeunt* Lelia,
Be gon I ſay; I will not heare thee ſpeake. } *and* Nurſe.
*Churms.* I pray you Sir patient your ſelfe: ſhees young.
*Gripe.* I hold my life this beggerly Scholler hankers about hir ſtill, makes hir ſo vntoward:
But Ile home, Ile ſet hir a harder taske:
Ile keep hir in, and look to hir a little better then I ha done,
Ile make hir haue little mind of gadding, I warrant hir.
Come Neighbour, ſend your ſonne to my houſe, for hees welcome thither, and ſhall be welcome, and Ile make *Lelia* bid him welcome too ere I ha done with hir:
Come *Peter* follow vs. *Exeunt all, but* Churmes.
*Churms.* Why this is excellent, better and better ſtill,
This is beyond expectation:
Why now this geare begins to worke,
But beſhrew my heart, I was afraide that *Lelia* would haue yeelded, whē I ſaw hir father take hir by the hand & cal me for

for a witneſſe, my heart began to quake.
But to ſay the truth ſhee had little reaſon to take a Cullian, lugloafe, milkeſop ſlaue;
When ſhe may haue a Lawyer, a Gentleman, that ſtands vpon his reputation in the Country:
One whoſe diminutiue defecte of Law may compare with his little Learning.
Well: I ſee that *Churmes* muſt be the man muſt carrie *Lelia* when alls done.

*Enter* Robin Goodfellow.

*Robin.* How now Maſter *Churmes*, what newes abroad? Me thinke you looke very ſpruce: yare very frolicke now a late.

*Churms.* What fellow *Robin*, how goes the ſquares with you?
Yare waxen very proude alate, you will not know your olde friends.

*Robin.* Faith I eene came to ſeeke you, to beſtow a quart of wine of you.

*Churms.* Thats ſtrange: you were nere wont to be ſo liberall.

*Robin.* Tuſh man, one good turne askes another: cleare gaines man, cleare gaines:
*Peter Ploddall* ſhall pay for all: *I* haue guld him once,
And *I*le come ouer him againe and againe, *I* warrant ye.

*Churms.* Faith, *Lelia* has een giuen him the doff off here, and has made hir father almoſt ſtarke mad.

*Robin.* O all the better: then *I* ſhall bee ſure of more of his cuſtome.
But what ſucceſſe haue you in your ſuit with hir?

*Churms.* Faith all hitherto goes well,
*I* haue made the motion to hir,
But as yet we are growne to no concluſion:
But *I* am in very good hope.

*Robin.* But doe you thinke you ſhall get hir fathers good will?

*Churmes.* Tut, if *I* get the wench *I* care not for that:

That

That will come afterward:
And Ile be ſure of ſomething in the meane time.
For I haue outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
And Ile gather vp what money I can amongſt them,
And *Gripe* ſhall nere know of it neither.

*Robin.* *I*, and of thoſe that are ſcarſe able to pay,
Take the one halfe and forgiue them the other, rather then ſit out at all.

*Churmes.* Tuſh let me alone for that:
But ſirra *I* haue brought the Scholler into a fooles Paradiſe:
Why he has made me his ſpokeſman to M. *Letia*,
And Gods my Iudge *I* nere ſo much as name him to hir.

*Robin.* O bith Mas well remembred,
Ile tell you what *I* meane to doe,
Ile attire my ſelfe fit for the ſame purpoſe,
Like to ſome helliſh Hag or damned fiend,
And meete with *Sophos* wandring in the woods,
O *I* ſhall fray him terribly.

*Churms.* I would thou couldſt ſcarre him out of his wits:
Then ſhould *I* ha the wench cocke ſure,
I doubt no body but him.

*Robin.* Well, lets go drinke together;
And then Ile go put on my diueliſh roabes,
*I* meane my Chriſtmas Calues ſkin ſute,
And then walke to the woodes,
O Ile terrifie him *I* warrant ye.

*Enter* Sophos, *ſolus.*

*Sophos.* Will heauens ſtill ſmile at *Sophos* miſeries,
And giue no end to my vnceſſant mones?
Theſe Cipreſſe ſhades are witneſſe of my woes,
The ſenſeleſſe trees do grieue at my laments,
The leauie branches drop ſweete *Myrrhas* teares,
For loue did ſcorne me in my mothers womb,
And ſullen *Saturn* pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatall ſtarres conſpir'd in one,
To frame a hapleſſe conſtellation,

Preſaging *Sophos* luckleſſe deſtinie.
Here, here, doth *Sophos* turne *Ixions* reſtleſſe wheele,
And here lies wrapt in labyrinths of loue,
Of his ſweete *Lelias* loue whoſe ſole *Idea* ſtill
Prolongs the hapleſſe date of *Sophos* hopeleſſe life:
Ah, ſaid *I* life? a life farre worſe then death.
Then death? *I* then ten thouſand deaths.
I daily die, in that *I* liue loues thrall,
They die thriſe happie, that once die for all.
Here will *I* ſtay my weary wandring ſteps,
And lay me downe vpon this ſolid earth, *He lies downe.*
The mother of deſpaire and balefull thoughts,
I, this befits my melancholy moodes:
Now now me thinkes *I* heare the prettie birds,
With warbling tunes record faire *Lelias* name,
Whoſe abſence makes warme bloud drop from my heart,
And forceth watrie teares from theſe my weeping eyes,
Me thinkes *I* heare the ſiluer ſounding ſtreames,
With gentle murmur ſummon me to ſleepe,
Singing a ſweete melodious lullabie:
Here will I take a nap and drowne my hapleſſe hopes,
In the Ocean ſeas of Neuer like to ſpeed.

*He falls in a ſlumber and Muſicke ſoundes.*

*Enter* Syluanus.

*Syluanus.* Thus hath *Syluanus* left his leauie bowers,
Drawne by the ſound of Ecchoes ſad reports,
That with ſhrill notes and high reſounding voice,
Doth pearce the very Cauerns of the earth,
And rings through hils and dales the ſad laments
Of virtues loſſe and *Sophos* mournefull plaints.
Now *Morpheus*, rowſe thee from thy ſable den,
Charme all his ſenſes with a ſlumbering trance,
Whil'ſt old *Syluanus* ſend a louely traine
Of Satyrs, Driades, and watrie Nymphes,

Out

Out of their bowers to tune their ſiluer ſtrings,
And with ſweete ſounding muſicke ſing,
Some pleaſing Madrigalles and Rowndelayes,
To comfort *Sophos* in his deepe diſtreſſe. *Exit* Syluanus.

*Enter the Nymphes and Satyres ſinging.*

## THE SONGE.

1

*SAtyres ſing, let ſorrow keepe hir Cell,*
*Let warbling Ecchoes ring,*
*And ſounding muſicke yell*
*Through hils, through dales, ſad griefe and care to kill*
*In him long ſince alas hath griev'd his fill.*

2

*Sleepe no more, but wake and liue content,*
*Thy griefe the Nymphes deplore,*
*The* Syluan *gods lament*
*To heare, to ſee thy mone, thy loſſe thy loue:*
*Thy plaints, to teares, the flinty rockes do moone.*

3

*Grieue not then, the Queene of Loue is milde,*
*Shee ſweetly ſmiles on men,*
*When reaſons moſt begnil'd:*
*Hir lookes, hir ſmiles, are kind, are ſweet, are faire,*
*Awake therefore and ſleepe not ſtill in care.*

4

*Loue intends, to free thee from annoy,*
*His Nymphes* Syluanus *ſendes,*
*To bid thee liue in ioy,*
*In hope, in ioy, ſweet loue delights imbraee,*
*Faire loue hir ſelfe will yeeld thee ſo much grace.*
*Exeunt the Nymphes and Satyres.*

*Sophos.* What do I heare? what harmony is this?
With ſiluer ſound that glutteth *Sophos* eares?
And driues ſad paſſions from his heauy heart,
Preſaging ſome good future hap ſhall fall,
After theſe bluſtring blaſts of diſcontent:
Thanks gentle Nymphes and Satyres too adiew,
That thus compaſſionate a loyall louers woe,
When heauens ſit ſmiling at his dire miſhaps.

*Enter* Fortunatus.

*Fortunatus.* With weary ſteps I trace theſe deſert groues
And ſearch to find out *Sophos* ſecret walkes,
My trueſt vowed friend and *Lelias* deareſt loue.
*Soph.* What voice is this ſounds *Lelias* ſacred name? *He riſeth.*
Is it ſome Satyre that hath vew'd hir late,
And s growne inamour'd of hir gorgeous hew?
*Fortunatus.* No Satyre *Sophos*; but thy ancient friend,
Whoſe deareſt bloud doth reſt at thy command.
Hath ſorow lately blear'd thy watry eyes,
That thou forgetſt the laſting league of loue,
Long ſince was vow'd betwixt thy ſelfe and me?
Looke on me man: I am thy friend.
*Sophos.* O now I know thee, now thou nam'ſt my friend:
I haue no friend to whom I dare
vnload the burthen of my griefe,
But onely *Fortunatus*, hees my ſecond ſelfe,
*Mi Fortunate ter Fortunate venis.*
*Fort.* How fares my friend? me thinks you look not wel:
Your eyes are ſunk, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
What meane s this alteration?
*Sophos.* My mind ſweet friend is like a maſtleſſe ſhip,
Thats huld and toſt vpon the ſurging ſeas,
By *Boreas* bitter blaſts and *Eoles* whiſtling winds,
On Rockes and ſands, farre from the wiſhed port
Whereon my ſilly ſhip deſires to land;
Faire *Lelias* loue that is the wiſhed hauen,
Wherein my wandring mind would take repoſe,
For want of which my reſtleſſe thoughts are toſt:

For

For want of which, all *Sophos* ioyes are loſt.
*Fort.* Doth *Sophos* loue my ſiſter *Lelia?*
*Sophos.* She, ſhe, it is whole loue I wiſh to gaine:
Nor needs I wiſh, nor do I loue in vaine,
My loue ſhee doth repay with equall meede:
Tis ſtrange youle ſay that *Sophos* ſhould not ſpeed.
*Fortunatus.* Your loue repaid with equall meede?
And yet you languiſh ſtill in loue? tis ſtrange:
Frō whence proceeds your griefe? vnfold vnto your friend,
A friend may yeeld reliefe.
*Sophos.* My want of wealth is author of my griefe,
Your father ſayes, my ſtate is too, too lowe.
I am no hobbie bred; I may not ſoare ſo high, as *Lelias* loue:
The loftie Egle wil not catch at flies.
When I with *Icarus* would ſoare againſt the Sun
He is the onely fierie *Phaeton* denies my courſe,
And ſeares my waxen winges, when as I ſoare aloft:
He mewes faire *Lelia* vp from *Sophos* ſight,
That not ſo much as paper pleades remorſe:
Thrice three times *Sol* hath ſlept in *Thetis* lap,
Since theſe mine eyes beheld ſweet *Lelias* face.
What greater griefe? what other Hell then this?
To be denied to come where my beloued is.
*Fortunatus.* Do you alone loue *Lelia?*
Haue you no riuals with you in your loue?
*Sophos.* Yes, onely one, and him your father backs,
Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* ſonne and heire,
One, whoſe bate ruſticke rude deſert
Vnworthy farre to win ſo faire a prize,
Yet meanes your father for to mart a match,
For golden Lucre with this *Corydon*
And ſcornes at vertues loue: hence growes my griefe.
*Fortunat.* If it be true I heare, there is one *Churms*, beſide,
Makes ſuit to win my ſiſter to his bride.
*Sophos.* That cannot be: *Churms* is my vowed friend,
Whoſe tongue relates the tenour of my loue
To *Lelias* eares, I haue no other meanes.

*Fortu.* Well, truſt him not: the Tiger hides his clawes
When oft he doth pretend the greateſt guiles.
But ſtay: here comes *Lelias* Nurſe. [*Enter Nurſe.*

*Sophos.* *Nurſe*, what newes?
How fares my loue?

*Nurſe.* How fares ſhee quotha? Marrie ſhee may fare how ſhe will for you: Neither come to her, nor ſend to her of a whole fortnight?
Now I ſweare by my maydenhead, if my husband ſhould haue ſeru'd me ſo, when hee came a wooing to me: I would neuer haue lookt on him with a good face as long as I had liued.
But he was as kind a wretch, as euer laid lips of a woman: He would ha come through windowes or doores, or wals, or any thing, but he would haue come to me.
Marrie, after we had beene maried a while, his kindneſſe began to ſlake, for Ile tell you what hee did:
He made me beleeue, he would go to greene gooſe faire, and Ile bee ſworne hee tooke his legges and ranne cleane away:
And I am afraide youle prooue eene ſuch another kinde peece to my Miſtreſſe: for ſhe ſits at home in a corner weeping for you, and Ile be ſworne ſhees ready to die vpward for you:
And her father oth toth'r ſide, he yoles at her, and ioles at her: and ſhee leades ſuch a life for you it paſſes, and yoole neither come to her, nor ſend to her:
Why, ſhee thinkes you haue forgotten her.

*Sophos.* Nay, then let heauens in ſorrow end my dayes
And fatall Fortune neuer ceaſe to frowne,
And heauen and earth, and all conſpire to pull me downe,
If blacke obliuion ſeiſe vpon my heart
Once to eſtrange my thoughts from *Lelias* loue. (*Sophos,*

*Fortunatus.* Why *Nurſe*, I am ſure that *Lelia* heares from
Once a day at leaſt by *Churms* the Lawyer,
Who is his onely friend.

*Nurſe.* What, yong Maſter? God bleſſe mine eye ſight:
Now

Now by my mayden head yare welcome home,
Iam ſure my Miſtreſſe will be glad to ſee you.
But what ſaid you of Maſter *Churms*?

*Fortu.* Marrie, I ſay hees a well willer to my ſiſter *Lelia*,
And a ſecret friend to *Sophos*.

*Nurſe.* Marrie the Diuel he is: truſt him and hang him.
Why, hee cannot ſpeake a good worde on him to my olde
Maſter, and he does ſo ruffle before my Miſtreſſe with his
barbarian eloquence, and ſtrut before her in a paire of *Po-*
*lonian* legges, as if hee were gentleman Vſher to the great
*Turke*, or the Diuell of *Dowgate*:
And if my Miſtreſſe would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might
go ſnick vp: But he has ſuch a buttermilke face, that ſhoole
neuer haue him.

*Sophos.* Can falſhood lurke in thoſe inticing lookes?
And deepe diſſemblance lie where truth appeares?

*Fortunatus.* Iniurious villaine to betray his friend!

*Nurſe.* Sir, do you know the Gentleman?

*Fort.* Faith not well.

*Nurſe.* Why Sir, hee lookes like a red herring at a No-
blemans table on *Eaſter* day, and he ſpeakes nothing but
Almond butter and ſuger Candie.

*Fortu.* Thats excellent.

*Sophos.* This worlds the *Chaos* of confuſion:
No world at all but Maſſe of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a Map man ſee—y(?)
The high road way from woe to miſerie.

*Fort.* Content your ſelfe, and leaue theſe paſſions,
Now do I ſound the depth of all their drifts,
The Diuels deuiſe and *Churms* his knauerie,
On whom this heart hath vowed to be reueng'd.
Ile ſcatter them: the plots alreadie in my head.
*Nurſe* hye thee home, commend me to my ſiſter:
Bid her this night ſend for Maſter *Churms*,
To him ſhe muſt recount her many griefes,
Exclaime againſt her fathers hard conſtraint,
And ſo cunningly temporize with this cunning *Catſo*,

That

That he may thinke ſhe loues him as her life.
Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes
He can conuey her forth her fathers gate,
Vnto a ſecret friend of hers;
The way to whom lyes by this forreſt ſide,
That none but he ſhall haue her to his bride.
For her departure let her point the time
To morrow night: when *Veſper* gins to ſhine,
Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way
Accompanied with her gentleman Vſher,
Whoſe amorous thoughts do dreame on nought but loue;
And if this Baſtinado hold,
Ile make him leaue his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne:
Let me alone to vſe him in his kind,
This is the trap which for him I haue laid,
Thus craft by cunning once ſhal be betraid,
And for the Diuell, Ile coniure him:
Good *Nurſe* be gon: bid her not faile,
And for a token, beare to her this Ring
Which well ſhee knowes, for when I ſaw her laſt
It was her fauour, and ſhe gaue it me.
*Sophos.* And beare her this from me:
And with this ring bid her receiue my heart.
My heart? alas, my heart I cannot giue,
How ſhould I giue her that which is her owne?
*Nurſe.* An your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
And ſo change is no robberie.
Well, Ile giue her your tokens, and tell her what yee ſay.
*Fortunatus.* Do, good *Nurſe*: but in any caſe let not my father know that I am here, vntill we haue effected all our purpoſes.
*Nurſe.* Ile warrant you, I wil not play with you,
As Maſter *Churms* does with *Sophos*,
I would ha my eares cut from my head firſt. *Exit* Nurſe.
*Fortunatus.* Come *Sophos*, cheare vp your ſelfe man,
Let hope expell theſe melancholie dumps,

Meane

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the euents of this deuiſe wil fall,
Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time,
When weele expect the comming of your loue.
What, man, Ile worke it through the fire,
But you ſhall haue her.

*Sophos.* And I wil ſtudy to deſerue this loue. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* William Cricket, Solus.

*Will.* Looke on me, and looke of Maſter *Churms*,
A good proper man:
Marrie Maſter *Churms* has ſomething a better paire of legs indeede:
But for a ſweet face, a fine beard, comely corps,
And a Carowſing Codpeece,
All *England* if it can
Show mee ſuch a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kiſſe
As *William Cricket* is.
Why, looke you now: If I had been ſuch a great long, large,
Lobcockt, loſeld lurden, as Maſter *Churms* is;
Ile warrant you, I ſhould neuer haue got *Pegge*, as long as I had liu'd: for (do you marke) a wench will neuer loue a man that has al his ſubſtance in his legges.
But ſtay: here comes my Landlord,
I muſt go ſalute him.

*Enter olde* Ploddall, *and his ſonne* Peter.

*Ploddall.* Come hither *Peter*, when didſt thou ſee *Robin Goodfellow*? Hees the man muſt do the feate.

*Peter.* Faith father, I ſee him not this two daies; but Ile ſeeke him out: for I know heele do the deed, and ſhe were twentie *Lelias*.
For father hees a verie cunning man: for, giue him but ten groates, and heele giue me a powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to me.

And when I haue her there: Ile vſe her well ynough.

*Ploddall.* Will he ſo? Marrie, I will giue him vortie ſhillings, if he can do it.

*Peter.* Nay, heele do more then that too,
For heele make himſelfe like a diuell; and fray the Scholler that hankers about her, out ons wits.

*Ploddall.* Marrie Ieſus bleſſe vs: will hee ſo?
Marrie thou ſhalt haue vortie ſhillings to giue him, and thy mother ſhall beſtow a hard cheeſe on him beſide.

*Will.* Landlord, a pox on you, this good morne.

*Ploddall.* How now foole? what, doſt curſe me?

*Will.* How now foole? how now Caterpiller?
Its a ſigne of Dearth, when ſuch Vermine creepe hedges ſo early of morning.

*Peter.* Sirra, Foule manners, do you know to whome you ſpeake?

*Will.* Indeed *Peter*, I muſt confeſſe I want ſome of your wooing manners, or elſe I might haue rounde my faire buſh tayle to you inſtead of your father: and haue giuen you the ill ſalutation this morning.

*Ploddall.* Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well ynough.
Sirra, I heare ſay you muſt be married ſhortly,
Ile make you pay a ſweete fine for your houſe, for this.
Ha? ſirra am not I your Landlord?

*Will.* Yes, for fault of a better, but you get neither ſweet fine, nor ſower fine of me.

*Ploddall.* My maſters, I pray you beare witneſſe:
I do diſcharge him then.

*Will.* My maſters, I pray you beare witneſſe,
My Landlord has giuen me a generall diſcharge,
Ile be married preſently, my fines paied: I haue a diſcharge for it. *He offers to goe away.*

*Ploddall.* Nay prithee ſtay.

*Will.* No Ile not ſtay, Ile goe call the clearke,
Ile be cried out vpon ith Church preſently,
What ho? What *Clearke* I ſay? where are you? *Enter* Cleark.

*Clearke.*

*Clearke.* Who cals me? what would you with me?
Marrie Sir, I would haue you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, oth Towne, or oth Country, can lay any claime to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring worde to the Crier, or elſe *William Cricket* will wipe his noſe of her.

*Clearke.* You meane you would be askt ith Church?

*Will.* I thats it: a bots ont, I cannot hit of theſe marrying tearmes yet:
And Ile deſire my Landlord here and his ſonne, to be at the Celebrauation of my marriage too:
Yfaith *Peter*, you ſhal cramme your guts ful of Cheeſecakes and Cuſtards there.
And ſirra *Clearke*, if thou wilt ſay Amen ſtoutly:
Yfaith my powderbeefe ſlaue,
Ile haue a rumpe of beefe for thee, ſhal make thy mouth ſtand oth tother ſide.

*Clearke.* When would you haue it done?

*Will.* Marrie eene as ſoone as may be: let me ſee:
I wil be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at Euening prayer: & the next holiday that comes I will be askt ith fore noone, and married ith after noone:
For (do you marke) I am none of theſe ſneaking fellowes that wil ſtand thrumming of Caps, and ſtudying vppon a matter, as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to ſhow his little wit in the ſecond part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, Ile ende with wedding.
And therefore good *Clearke*, let me haue it done with all ſpeede: for I promiſe you, I am verie ſharpe ſet.

*Clearke.* Faith you may be askt ith Church on Sunday at morning prayer, but Sir *Iohn* cannot tend to do it at Euening prayer: For there comes a Company of Players tuth Towne, on Sunday ith after noone; and Sir *Iohn* is ſo good a fellow, that I know heele ſcarce leaue their companie, to ſay Euening prayer.
For (though I ſay it) hees a verie paineful man, and takes ſo great delight in that faculty, that heele take as great pains about

bout building of a Stage or ſo, as the baſeſt fellow among them.

*Will.* Nay, if he haue ſo lawfull an excuſe, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:
And Landlord, I hope, you and your ſonne *Peter* wil make bold with vs, and trouble vs.

*Ploddall.* Nay *William*, we would be loath to trouble you: but you ſhal haue our companie there.

*Will.* Faith you ſhal be very heartily welcome, and wee wil haue good merry rogues there that wil make you laugh till you burſt.

*Peter.* Why *William*, what company doe you meane to haue?

*Will.* Marrie, firſt and formoſt, there wil bee an honeſt Dutch Cobbler, that wil ſing (I wil noe meare to *Burgaine* goe) the beſt that euer you heard

*Ploddall.* What, muſt a Cobbler be your chiefe gueſt? Why hees a baſe fellow.

*Will.* A baſe fellow? you may be aſham'd to ſay ſo,
For hees an honeſt fellow, and a good fellow:
And he begins to carrie the verie badge of good fellowſhip vpon his noſe; that I do not doubt, but in time he wil prooue as good a Copper companion as *Robin Goodfellowe* himſelfe.
I and hees a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,
For Ile tel you what: tie him tuth Bull-Ring, and for a bag-pudding, a Cuſtard, a Cheeſcake, a hogges cheeke, or a Calues head, turne any man ith towne to him; and if he do not prooue himſelfe as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and tourne his bodie, into a barrel of ſtrong Ale, and let his noſe be the Spigat, his mouth the Foſſet, and his tongue a Plugge for the bunge hole.
And then there wil be *Robin Goodfellow*, as good a drunken rogue as liues: and *Tom* Shoomaker; and I hope you wil not deny that hees an honeſt man, for hee was Conſtable oth Towne.
And a number of other honeſt raſcals, which though they

are

are growne bankroutes and liue by the reuerſion of other mens tables:
Yet (thankes bee to God) they haue a penny amongſt, at all times at their neede.

*Ploddall.* Nay, if *Robin Goodfellow* be there, you ſhall be ſure to haue our company.
For hees one that we heare very well of;
And my ſonne here has ſome occaſion to vſe him:
And therefore if we may know when tis,
weele make bolde to trouble you.

*Will.* Yes Ile ſend you word.

*Ploddall.* Why then farewell, till wee heare from you.

*Exeunt* Ploddall *and his ſonne.*

*Wil.* Wel *Clearke*, youle ſee this matter bravely performed: let it be done as it ſhould be.

*Clearke.* Ile warrant ye, feare it not.

*Will.* Why then go you to Sir *Ihon*, and Ile to my wench, and bid hir giue hir Maidenhead warning to prepare it ſelf: for the deſtruction of it is at hand. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Lelia, Sola.

*Lelia.* How loue and fortune both with eger moode,
Like greedy hounds do hunt my tired hart,
Rows'd forth the thickets of my wonted ioyes!
And *Cupid* windes his ſhrill note bugle horne,
For ioy my ſilly hart ſo neere is ſpent.
Deſire that eager Curre purſues the chace,
And Fortune rides amaine vnto the fall:
Now ſorrow ſings, and mourning beares a part,
Playing harſh deſcant on my yeelding heart.

*Enter* Nurſe.

Nurſe, what newes?

*Nurſe.* Faith a whole ſacke full of newes:
You loue *Sophos* and *Sophos* loues you;
And *Peter Ploddall* loues you, and you loue not him,
And you loue not Maſter *Churmes*, and he loues you,

And ſo heers loue and no loue,
And I loue and I loue not,
And I cannot tell what :
But of all, and of all, Maſter *Churmes* muſt bee the man you muſt loue.

*Lelia.* Nay, firſt Ile mount me on the winged wind,
And fly for ſuccour to the fartheſt *Inde*.
Muſt I loue Maſter *Churmes*?

*Nurſe*, Faith you muſt and you muſt not.

*Lelia.* As how I pray thee?

*Nurſe.* Marry I haue commendations to you.

*Lelia.* From whom?

*Nurſe.* From your brother *Fortunatus*.

*Lelia.* My brother *Fortunatus*?

*Nurſe.* No: from *Sophos*.

*Lelia.* From my Loue?

*Nurſe.* No from neither.

*Lelia.* From neither?

*Nurſe.* Yes from both.

*Lelia.* Prithee leaue thy foolery, and let me knowe thy newes.

*Nurſe.* Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your loue, to morrow night will meet you by the forreſt ſide,
There to conferre about I knowe not what:
But tis like, that *Sophos* will make you of his priuy councell, before you come againe.

*Lelia.* Is *Fortunatus* then retourned from the warres?

*Nurſe.* He is with *Sophos* euery day,
But in any caſe you muſt not let your Father know,
For he hath ſworne he will not be diſcried,
Vntill he haue effected your deſires:
For he ſwaggers and ſweares out of all crie,
That he will venture all,
Both fame and bloud, and limme and life,
But *Lelia* ſhall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

*Lelia.* Alas Nurſe, my fathers iealous braine
Doth ſcarce allow me once a month to goe,

Beyond

Beyond the compaſſe of his watchfull eyes,
Nor once affords me any conference,
With any man except with Mr. *Churms*,
Whoſe craftie braine beguiles my father ſo,
That he repoſeth truſt in none but him:
And though he ſeekes for fauour at my hands,
He takes his marke amiſſe and ſhootes awrie.
For I had rather ſee the diuel himſelfe,
Then *Churms* the Lawyer:
Therefore how I ſhould meete them by the forreſt ſide,
I cannot poſſibly deuiſe.

*Nurſe.* And Maſter *Churms* muſt be the man muſt work the meanes,
You muſt this night ſend for him:
Make him beleeue you loue him mightily;
Tell him you haue a ſecret friend dwels farre away beyond the Forreſt.
To whom if he can ſecretly conuay you from your father,
Tel him you will loue him, better then euer God loued him.
And when you come to the place appointed,
Let them alone to diſcharge the knaue of clubs.
And that you muſt not faile,
Here receiue this ring, which *Fortunatus* ſent you for a token,
That this is the plot that you muſt proſecute,
And this from *Sophos* as his true loues pledge.

*Lelia.* This ring my brother ſent I know right well,
But this my true loue pledge I more eſteeme
Then all the golden mines the ſolide earth containes:
And ſee, in happy time here comes M. *Churms*: [*Enter* Chur.
Now loue and fortune both conſpire,
And ſort their driftes to compaſſe my deſire.
M. *Churms* yare well met, I am glad to ſee you.

*Churms.* And I as glad to ſee faire *Lelia*,
As euer *Paris* was to ſee his deare,
For whom ſo many Troianes bloud was ſpilt;
Nor thinke, I would do leſſe then ſpend my deareſt bloud,

To

To gaine faire *Lelias* loue, although by loſſe of life.
*Nurſe.* Faith miſtreſſe, he ſpeakes like a gentleman:
Let me perſwade you,
Be not hard hearted:
*Sophos?* why whats hee?
If hee had lou'd you but halfe ſo well, he would ha come through ſtone walles, but he would haue come to you ere this.
*Lelia.* I muſt confeſſe, I once lou'd *Sophos* well,
But now I cannot loue him, whom all the world knowes to be a diſſembler.
*Churmes.* Ere I would wrong my loue with one dayes abſence;
I would paſſe the boyling *Helleſpont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* loue,
Or vndertake a greater taske then that,
Ere I would be diſloyall to my Loue.
And if that *Lelia* giue hir free conſent
That both our loues may ſympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my loue, my life and all,
Shall euer tend on *Lelias* faire command.
*Lelia.* Mr. *Churms*, mee thinkes tis ſtrange, you ſhould make ſuch a motion:
Say I ſhould yeeld, and grant you loue;
When moſt you did expect a ſunneſhine day,
My fathers will would mar your hop't for hay,
And when you thought to reap the fruits of loue,
His hard conſtraint would blaſt it in the bloom.
For he ſo dotes on *Peter Ploddals* pelfe,
That none but he forſooth muſt be the man,
And I will rather match my ſelfe,
Vnto a groome of *Plutoes* grieſly denne,
Then vnto ſuch a ſilly golden aſſe.
*Churms.* Brauely reſolued yfaith.
*Lelia.* But to be ſhort:
I haue a ſecret friend that dwels from hence,
Some two dayes iourney, thats the moſt,

And

And if you can, as (wel I know) you may, conuay me thither ſecretly:
For company I deſire no other then your owne,
Here take my hand:
That once perform'd my heart is next.

*Churmes.* If on th'aduenture all the dangers lay,
That *Europe* or the weſterne world affords,
Were it to combate *Cerberus* himſelfe,
Or ſcale the braſen walles of *Plutoes* court;
When as there is ſo faire a prize propos'd,
If I ſhrinke backe or leaue it vnperform'd,
Let the World canonize me for a Coward:
Appoint the time and leaue the reſt to me.

*Lelia.* When nights blacke mantle ouerſpreads the ſky,
And dayes bright lampe is drenched in the weſt,
To morrow night I thinke the fitteſt time,
That ſilent ſhade may giue our ſafe conuoy,
Vnto our wiſhed hopes vnſeene of liuing eye.

*Churms.* And at that time I will not faile,
In that or ought may make for our auaile.

*Nurſe.* But what if *Sophos* ſhould meet you by the forreſt ſide:
And incounter you with his ſingle rapier?

*Churms. Sophos?* a hop of my thumbe, a wretch, a wretch.
Shoulde *Sophos* meete vs there accompanied with ſome Champion,
With whome twere any credit to encounter,
Were he as ſtout as *Hercules* himſelfe,
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand:
And bandy blowes as thicke as haileſtones fall,
And carrie *Lelia* away in ſpite of all their force.
What? loue will make Cowards fight:
Much more a man of my reſolution.

*Lelia.* And on your reſolution Ile depend,
Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time, when I looke for you:
till when Ile leaue you, and go make preparation for our

iourney. *Exeunt* Lelia *and* Nurſe.

*Churms.* Farewell faire loue, vntill we meet againe.
Why ſo: did I not tel you ſhe would be glad to run away with mee at length?
Why this falles out, een as a man would ſay, Thus I would haue it.
But now I muſt go caſt about for ſome money too,
Let mee ſee: I haue outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripes* debters.
And I haue the bonds in mine owne hands:
The ſumme that is due to him, is ſome two or three hundred pounds:
Well, Ile to them: if I can get but one halfe,
Ile deliuer them their bonds, and leaue the other halfe to their owne conſciences; and ſo I ſhall be ſure to get mony to beare charges:
When all failes wel fare a good wit.
But ſoft, no more of that:
Here comes Mr. *Gripe*,

*Enter* Gripe.

*Gripe.* What Mr. *Churms*? what alone? how fares your body?

*Churms.* Faith Sir, reaſonable well: I am eene walking here to take the freſh ayre.

*Gripe.* Tis very holeſome this faire weather,
But M. *Churms*: how like you my daughter?
Can you doe any good on hir? wil ſhe be rul'd yet?
How ſtands ſhe affected to *P. Ploddall*?

*Churms.* O very well Sir: I have made hir very conformable.
O let me alone to perſwade a woman:
I hope you ſhall ſee hir married within this weeke at moſt,
I meane to my ſelfe. [*He ſpeakes to him ſelfe.*

*Gripe.* Maſter *Churmes*. I am ſo exceedingly beholding to you,
I cannot tell how I ſhall requite your kindneſſe,

But

But ith mean time heers a brace of angels for you to drink, for your paines,
This newes has eene lightned my heart,
O Sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthie.
Come M. *Churms*, you ſhall go home with me,
Weele haue good chear & be merry for this, to night, yfaith.
*Churms.* Wel: let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Pegge *and hir* Granam.

*Pegge.* Granam, giue me but two crownes of red golde,
And Ile giue you two pence of white ſiluer,
If *Robin* the diuel be not a water witch.
*Moth. M.* Marrie, Ieſus bleſſe vs: why prithee?
*Pegge.* Marrie Ile tel you why.
Vpon the morrow after the bleſſed newe yeare,
I came trip, trip, trip, ouer the Market hil,
Holding vp my petticote to the calues of my legs,
To ſhow my fine coloured ſtockins,
And how finely I coulde foote it in a paire of newe corkt ſhooes, I had bought:
And there I ſpyed this *Mounſier Muffe*, lie gaping vp into the skies,
To know how many Maides would be with childe in the towne all the yeare after:
O tis a baſe vexation ſlaue,
How the country talkes of the large ribd varlet!
*Mother M.* Marry out vpon him: what a Friday fac't ſlaue it is!
I thinke in my conſcience, his face neuer keepes Holiday.
*Pegge.* Why his face can neuer be at quiet,
He has ſuch a cholericke noſe,
I durſt ha ſworne by my maiden-head,
(God forgiue me that I ſhould take ſuch an oath)
That if *William* had had ſuch a noſe, I would neuer ha lov'd him.

*Enter* Will. Cricket.

*Will.* What a talking is here of noſes and faces?

Come *Pegge*, wee are towarde marriage; let vs talke of that may doe vs good: Granam, what wil you giue vs toward howſe-keeping?

*Moth. M.* Why *William*, we are talking of *Rob. Goodfellow*: What thinke you of him?

*Will.* Marrie I ſay he lookes like a tankerd bearer,
That dwels in Petticoate lane, at the ſigne of the Meare-maide;
And I ſweare by the bloud of my codpiece,
An I were a woman I would lug off his laue eares,
Or run him to death with a ſpit: and for his face,
I thinke tis pittie there is not a lawe made,
That it ſhould be fellonie to name it in any other places, then in baudie houſes:
But Granam what wil you giue vs?

*Moth. M.* Marrie I wil giue *Pegge* a pot and a pan,
Two platters, a diſh and a ſpoone, a dogge, and a cat:
I trow ſheele prooue a good huswife,
And loue hir husband well too.

*Will.* If ſhe loue me Ile loue hir, yfaith my ſweet honny combe, Ile loue thee, A *per ſe* A.
We muſt be askt in Church next Sunday, and weel be married preſently.

*Pegge.* Yfaith *William* weele haue a merry day ont.

*Mother M.* That wee will yfaith *Pegge*: weele haue a whole noiſe of fiddlers there:
Come *Pegge* lets hie vs home, weele make a bag-pudding to ſupper,
And *William* ſhall go and ſup with vs.

*Will.* Come on yfaith. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Fortunatus *and* Sophos.

*Fort.* Why how now *Sophos*, al a *mort*? ſtil languiſhing in loue?
Wil not the preſence of thy friend preuaile?
Nor hope expell theſe ſullen fits?
Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged ſmile,
From thoſe ſad drouping lookes of thine?

Rely

Relye on hope, whoſe hap will lead thee right,
To her, whom thou doſt call thy hearts delight;
Looke cheerely man: the time is neere at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a ſnow white coach,
Shal tend on *Sophos* and his louely bride.

*Sophos.* Tis impoſſible: her Father, man, her father,
Hees al for *Peter Ploddall.*

*Fortunatus.* Should I but ſee that *Ploddall* offer loue,
This ſword ſhould pearce the peſants breaſt,
And chaſe his ſoule from his accurſed corps
By an vnwonted way vnto the grieſly lake.
But now the appointed time is neere,
That *Churms* ſhould come with his ſuppoſed loue:
Then ſit we down vnder theſe leauie ſhades [*They ſit down.*
And waight the time of *Lelias* wiſht approach.

*Sophos.* I: here Ile waight for *Lelias* wiſht approach,
More wiſht to me, then is a calme at ſeas,
To ſhipwrackt ſoules, when great God *Neptune* frownes:
Though ſad deſpaire hath almoſt drown'd my hopes,
Yet would I paſſe the burning vaults of *Orke*,
As erſt did *Hercules* to fetch his loue,
If I might meete my loue vpon the ſtrond [*Enter* Robin
And but enioy her loue one minute of an hour. [Goodfellow.
But ſtay: what man, or diuell, or helliſh fiend comes here,
Tranſformed in this ougly vncouth ſhape?

*Fortunatus.* O, peace a while: you ſhal ſee good ſport anone.

*Robin.* Now I am cloathed in this helliſh ſhape,
If I could meete with *Sophos* in theſe woods,
O, he would take me for the Diuell himſelfe,
I ſhould ha good laughing, beſide the fortie ſhillings *Peter Ploddall* has giuen mee: and if I get noe more I am ſure of that.
But ſoft: now I muſt trie my cunning, for here he ſits.
The high commander of the damned ſoules
Great *Dis* the Duke of Diuels and Prince of *Limbo* Lake,
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,

By ſtrict command from *Pluto*, Hels great Monarch,
And faire *Proſerpina* the Queene of Hell,
By full conſent of all the damned Hagges
And all the fiends that keepe the *Stygian* plaines,
Hath ſent me here from depth of vnder ground,
To ſommon thee to appeare at *Plutoes* Court.

*Fortunatus.* A man or Diuell? or what ſo ere thou art,
Ile trie if blowes will driue thee downe to hell.
Belike thou art the Diuels Paritor,
The baſeſt officer that liues in Hell,
For, ſuch thy words imports thee for to be:
Tis pittie you ſhould come ſo farre without a fee.
And becauſe I know mony goes lowe with *Sophos*,
Ile pay you your fees: [*Hee beates him,*] take that, & that, and that:

*Robin.* O good Sir, I beſeech you, Ile do any thing;

*Fortunatus.* Then downe to Hell, for ſure thou art a Diuell.

*Robin.* O hold your hands, I am not a Diuell by my troth.

*Fortunatus.* Sounds, doſt thou croſſe mee? I ſay thou art a Diuell. [*Beate him againe.*

*Robin.* O Lord ſir ſaue my life: and Ile ſay as you ſay, or any thing elſe youle ha me doe.

*Fortunatus.* Then ſtand vp and make a preachment of thy Pedigree, and how at firſt thou learnd'ſt this diueliſh trade: vp I ſay. *Beate him.*

*Robin.* O I wil Sir: [*Stands vpon a ſtoole.*
Although in ſome places, I beare the title of a ſcuruy gentleman:
By birth I am a boate writes ſon of *Hull*,
My father got me of a refuſ'd hagge,
Vnder the olde ruines of *Boobies* barne,
Who as ſhe liu'd, at length ſhe likewiſe died,
And for her good deedes went vnto the Diuell.
But, Hell not wont to harbour ſuch a gueſt,
Her fellow fiends do daicly make complaint

Vnto

Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his louely Queene,
Of her vnruly miſſebehauiour:
Intreating that a paſport might be drawne
For her to wander till the day of doome,
On earth againe to vex the mindes of men,
And ſwore ſhe was the fitteſt fiend in Hell
To driue men to deſperation.
To this intent her paſport ſtraight was drawne,
And in a whirle wind forth of Hell ſhe came;
Ore hills ſhe hurles, and ſcowres along the plaines:
The trees flew vp bith rootes, the earth did quake for feare,
The houſes tumble downe, ſhe playes the Diuell and all:
At length not finding any one ſo fit
To effect her diueliſh damned charge as I:
She comes to me, as to her onely childe,
And me her inſtrument on earth ſhe made,
And by that meanes I learnd this diuelliſh trade.

*Sophos.* O monſtrous villane!

*Fortunatus.* But tell me: whats thy courſe of life, & how thou ſhifteſt for maintenance in the world?

*Robin.* Faith Sir, I am in a manner a promoter,
Or more fitly term'd a promoting knaue:
I creepe into the preſence of great men,
And vnder colour of their friendſhips,
Effect ſuch wonders in the world
That babes wil curſe me, that are yet vnborne.
Of the beſt men, I raiſe a common fame,
And honeſt women rob of their good name:
Thus dayly tumbling in comes all my thrift,
That I get beſt is got but by a ſhift:
But the chiefe courſe of all my life,
Is to ſet diſcord betwixt man and wife.

*Fortunatus.* Out vpon thee *Cannibal*, [*He beates him.*
Doſt thou thinke thou ſhalt euer come to heauen?

*Robin.* I little hope for heauen or heauenly bliſſe:
But if in hell doth any place remaine,
Of more eſteeme then is another roome,

I hope, as guerdon for my iuſt deſert,
To haue it for my deteſtable acts.
*Fort.* Wert not, thy tongue condemnes thy guiltie ſoule,
I could not thinke that on this liuing earth
Did breath a villane ſo audacious.
Go get thee gone, and come not in my walke. [*Beate him.*
For if thou doſt, thou comeſt vnto thy woe.
*Rob.* The diuel himſelf was neuer coniur'd ſo. [*Exit Rob.*
*Sophos.* Sure hees no man, but an incarnate diuel,
Whoſe ougly ſhape bewrayes his monſtrous mind.
*Fortunatus.* And if he be a diuel, I am ſure hees gone:
But *Churms* the Lawyer wil be here anone,
And with him comes my ſiſter *Lelia:*
Tis he I am ſure you looke for.
*Sophos.* Nay, ſhe it is that I expect ſo long.
*Fort.* Then ſit we down vntil we heare more newes:
This but a prologue to our play enſewes. [*They ſit downe.*
But ſee where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along: } *Enter* Churms
He walks as ſtately as the great Baboone. } *and* Lelia.
Sounds, he lookes as though his mother were a midwife.
*Sophos.* Now gentle *Ioue*, great Monarke of the world,
Grant good ſucceſſe vnto my wandring hopes.
*Churms.* Now *Phœbus* ſiluer eye is drencht in weſterne (deepe
And *Luna* gins to ſhow her ſplendant raies,
And al the harmleſſe quireſters of wood
Do take repoſe, ſaue onely *Philomele:*
Whoſe heauie tunes do euermore record,
With morneful laies the loſſes of her loue.
Thus farre faire loue we paſſe in ſecret ſort,
Beyond the compaſſe of thy fathers bounds,
Whilſt he on down-ſoft bed ſecurely ſleepes
And not ſo much as dreames of our depart,
The dangers paſt, now thinke on nought but loue,
Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight:
*Sophos.* Nay firſt, Ile ſend thy ſoule to cole blacke night,
*Churms.* Thou promiſ'd loue: now ſeale it with a kiſſe.
*Fort.* Nay ſoft Sir, your mark's at the faireſt.

Forſweare

Forſweare her loue, and ſeale it with a kiſſe,
Vpon the burniſht ſplendor of this blade;
Or it ſhal rip the intrailes of thy peſant hart.
*Sophos.* Nay, let me do it, thats my part.
*Churms.* You wrong me much to rob me of my loue.
*Sophos.* Auant, baſe braggard: *Lelias* mine.
*Churms.* She lately promiſ'd loue to me.
*Fortunatus.* Peace, Night-Rauen, peace, Ile ende this controuerſie.
Come *Lelia*, ſtand betweene them both,
As equall Iudge to ende this ſtrife:
Say which of theſe ſhal haue thee to his wife:
I can deuiſe no better way then this,
Now chooſe thy loue: and greete him with a kiſſe,
*Lelia.* My choice is made: and here it is. [*She kiſſes* Sophos.
*Sophos.* See here the mirrour of true conſtancie:
Whoſe ſtedfaſt loue deſerues a Princes worth.
*Lelia.* Maſter *Churms* are you not well?
I muſt confeſſe I would haue choſen you,
But that I nere beheld your legs till now:
Truſt me I neuer lookt ſo low before.
*Churms.* I know you vſe to looke aloft.
*Lelia.* Yet not ſo high as your crowne.
*Churms.* What if you had?
*Lelia.* Faith I ſhould ha ſpied but a Calues head.
*Churms.* Sounds, coſend of the wench and ſcoft at too?
Tis intolerable: and ſhal I looſe her thus?
Howt mads me, that I brought not my ſworde and buckler with me!
*Fort.* What, are you in your ſword & buckler tearms?
Ile put you out of that humor:
There *Lelia* ſends you that by me, [*Beates him.*
And that, to recompence your loues deſire:
And that, as payment for your wel earn'd hire.
Go get thee gon, and boaſt of *Lelias* loue.
*Churms.* Where ere I goe Ile leaue with her my curſe,
And raile on you with ſpeeches vilde.

*Fortunatus.* A craftie knaue was neuer ſo beguil'd.
Now *Sophos* hopes haue had their luckie haps,
And he enioyes the preſence of his loue,
My vow's perform'd, and I am full reueng'd
Vpon this Hell-bred brace of curſed Imps:
Now reſts nought but my fathers free conſent
To knit the knot that time can nere vntwiſt.
And that, as this, I likewiſe wil performe,
No ſooner ſhal *Auroraes* pearled deaw,
Oreſpread the mantled earth with ſilner drops
And *Phœbus* bleſſe the Orient with a bluſh,
To chace blacke night to her deformed Cell,
But Ile repaire vnto my fathers houſe,
And neuer ceaſe with my inticing words,
To worke his wil to knit this Gordian knot,
Till when Ile leaue you to your amorous chatte,
Deare friend adieu, faire ſiſter too farewel,
Betake your ſelues vnto ſome ſecret place:
Vntil you heare from me how things fall out.

*Exit* Fortunatus.

*Sophos.* We both do wiſh a fortunate goodnight:
*Lelia.* And pray the Gods to guide thy ſteps aright.
*Sophos.* Now come faire *Lelia*, lets betake our ſelues
Vnto a little Hermitage hereby:
And there to liue obſcured from the world
Till fates and Fortune call vs thence away,
To ſee the ſunſhine of our Nuptiall day.
See how the twinkling Starres do hide their borrowed ſhine
As halfe aſham'd their luſter ſo is ſtain'd,
By *Lelias* beautious eyes that ſhine more bright,
Then twinkling Starres do in a winters night:
In ſuch a night did *Paris* win his loue.
*Lelia.* In ſuch a night, *Æneas* prou'd vnkind.
*Sophos.* In ſuch a night did *Troilus* court his deare.
*Lelia.* In ſuch a night, faire *Phyllis* was betraid,
*Sophos.* Ile proue as true as euer *Troylus* was.
*Lelia.* And I as conſtant as *Penelope*.

*Sophos*

*Sophos.* Then let vs ſolace, and in loues delight,
And ſweet imbracings ſpend the liue-long night.
And whilſt loue mounts her on her wanton wings,
Let Deſcant run on Muſicks ſiluer ſtrings. *Exeunt.*

## A SONGE.

1

*OLde* Tithon *muſt forſake his deare,*
*The Larke doth chante her chearefull lay:*
Aurora *ſmiles with merry cheere,*
*To welcome in a happy day.*

2

*The beaſts do ſkippe,*
*The ſweete birds ſing:*
*The wood Nymphs dance,*
*The Ecchoes ring.*

3

*The hollow caues with ioy reſounds:*
*And pleaſure euery where abounds:*
*The Graces linking hand in hand,*
*In loue haue knit a glorious band.*

*Enter* Robin Goodfellow, *olde* Ploddall, *and his ſonne* Peter.

*Ploddall.* Heare you Maſter *Goodfellow*: how haue you ſped?

*Peter.* Ha you plaid the Diuel brauely, and ſcard the ſcholler out ons wits?

*Robin.* A pox of the Scholler.

*Ploddall.* Nay harke you: I ſent you vortie ſhillings, and you ſhal haue the cheeſe I promiſ'd you too.

*Robin.* A plague of the vortie ſhillings, and the Cheeſe too.

*Peter.* Heare you, wil you giue me the powder you told me of?

*Robin.* How you vex me! powder quotha? Sounds I ha been powderd.

*Ploddall.* Son, I doubt thee wil proue a craftie knaue, and coſen vs of our money:
Weele go to Maſter Iuſtice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out oth Countrie for a Connicatcher.

*Peter.* I, or haue his eares naild to the Pillorie:
Comes lets goe. *Exeunt* Ploddall *and his ſonne.*

*Enter* Churms.

*Churms.* Fellow *Robin*, what newes? howe goes the world?

*Robin.* Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How ſpeed you with your wench?

*Churms.* I would the wench were at the Diuel:
A plague vpont I neuer ſay my prayers, and that makes me haue ſuch ill lucke.

*Robin.* I think the ſcholler be haunted with ſome Demidiuel.

*Churms.* Why, didſt thou fray him?

*Robin.* Fray him? a vengeance ont, all our ſhifting knauerie's knowne:
We are counted very vagrants:
Sounds, I am afraid of euerie officer, for whipping.

*Churms.* We are horribly haunted: our behauiour is ſo beaſtly, that we are growen loathſome, our craft gets vs nought but knocks.

*Robin.* What courſe ſhal we take now?

*Churms.* Faith I cannot tell: lets eene run our Countrie, for heres no ſtaying for vs.

*Robin.* Faith agreed: lets go into ſome place where wee are not knowne, and there ſet vp the art of knauerie with the ſecond edition. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Gripe, Solus.

*Gripe.* Euery one tels me I looke better then I was wont,
My hearts lightened, my ſpirits are reuiued,
Why me thinkes I am eene young againe;
It ioyes my heart that this ſame peeuiſh girle my daughter
wil be rul'd at the laſt yet:
But I ſhall neuer be able to make M. *Churmes* amends for
the great paines he has taken, *Enter* Nurſe.

*Nur.* Maſter, now out vpons, welladay: we are al vndone!

*Gripe.* Vndone? what ſodaine accident hath chanc't?
Speake whats the matter?

*Nurſe.* Alas that euer I was borne!
My Miſtreſſe and Mr. *Churms* are run away together.

*Gripe.* Tis not poſſible: nere tell me. I dare truſt Maſter
*Churms* with a greater matter then that.

*Nurſe.* Faith you muſt truſt him whether you will or no,
for hees gone. *Enter* Will. Cricket.

*Will.* M. *Gripe*, I was comming to deſire that I might
haue your abſence at my wedding: for I heare ſay you are
very liberall growen alate.
For I ſpake with three or foure of your debters this mor-
ning,
that ought you hundred pounds a piece:
And they told me, that you ſent M. *Churmes* to them and
tooke of ſome ten pounds,
And of ſome twentie, and deliuered them their bondes,
And bad them pay the reſt when they were able.

*Gripe.* I am vndon: I am robd: my daughter, my mony!
Which way are they gone?

*Will.* Faith Sir, its all to nothing but your daughter and
M. *Churms* are gone both one way:
Marrie your mony flies ſome one waies and ſome another:
And therefore tis but a folly to make hue and crie after it.

*Gripe.* Follow them: make hue and cry after them.
My daughter, my mony, alls gone, what ſhall I doe?

*Will.* Faith if you will be rul'd by me,
Ile tell you what you ſhall doe:

(Marke what I ſay) for Ile teach you the way to come to heauen, if you ſtumble not:
Giue all you haue to the poore,
But one ſingle penny, and with that penny buy you a good ſtrong halter,
And when you ha done ſo: come to mee and Ile tell you what you ſhall do with it.

*Gripe.* Bring me my daughter: that *Charms*, that villane, Ile teare him with my teeth.

*Nurſe.* Maſter, nay pray you do not run mad:
Ile tell you good newes:
My young Maſter *Fortunatus* is come home: and ſee where he comes. [*Enter* Fortunatus.

*Gripe.* If thou hadſt ſayd *Lelia*, it had beene ſomething.

*Fort.* Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his Father,
And craues his bleſſing on his bended knee.

*Gripe.* I, heers my ſonne: but *Lelia* ſheele not come.
Good *Fortunatus* riſe: wilt thou ſhed teares,
And help thy father mone?
If ſo, ſay I: if not good ſonne be gone.

*Fort.* What moues my father to theſe vncouth fits?

*Will.* Faith Sir, hees almoſt mad: I thinke he cannot tell you:
And therefore I preſuming Sir, that my wit is ſomething better than his, at this time (do you marke Sir?)
Out of the profound circumambulation of my ſupernaturall wit Sir (do you vnderſtand?)
Will tel you the whole ſuperfluity of the matter Sir:
Your ſiſter *Lelia* Sir you know is a woman,
As another woman is Sir.

*Fort.* Well, and what of that?

*Will.* Nay nothing Sir, but ſhee fell in loue with one *Sophos* a very proper wiſe young man Sir:
Now Sir, your Father would not let hir haue him, Sir:
But would haue married hir to one Sir,
That would haue fed hir with nothing but barly bag-puddings and fat bacon:

Now

Now Sir to tell you the truth,
The foole ye know has fortune to land:
But M. *Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.
*Fort.* And how then?
*Will.* Marrie then there was a certaine craking, cogging, pettifogging, buttermilke ſlaue Sir, one *Churms* Sir, that is the very quinteſſence of all the knaues in the bunch; And if the beſt man of all his kin had been but ſo good as a yeoman mans ſonne:
He ſhould haue been a markt knaue by letters patents,
And hee Sir comes me ſneaking, and coſens them both of their wench, and is run away with hir:
And Sir belike hee has coſend your father heere of a great deale of his mony too.
*Nurſe.* Sir your father did truſt him but too much;
But I alwaies thought he would prooue a crafty knaue.
*Gripe.* My truſts betrai'd, my ioyes exil'd:
Griefe kils his heart, my hopes beguil'd,
*Fort.* Whtere golden gaine doth bleare a fathers eyes,
That pretious pearle fetcht from *Pernaſſus* mount,
Is counted refuſe, worſe then *Bullen* braſſe;
Both ioyes and hope hang of a ſilly twine,
That ſtill is ſubiect vnto flitting time:
That tournes ioy into griefe, and hope to ſad deſpaire,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care.
Were I the richeſt Monarch vnder heauen,
And had one daughter thrice as faire,
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,
Ere I would match hir to an vntaught ſwaine,
Though one whoſe wealth exceeded *Cræſus* ſtore,
Hir ſelfe ſhould chooſe, and I applaud hir choiſe,
Of one more poore then euer *Sophos* was,
Were his deſerts but equall vnto his.
If I might ſpeake without offence;
You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choice.
As ſhe in Natures graces doth excell:
So doth *Minerua* grace him full as well.

*Nurſe*

*Nurſe.* Now, by cocke and pie, you neuer ſpoke a truer word in your life, hees a very kind gentleman:
For laſt time he was at our houſe he gaue me three pence.

*Will.* O nobly ſpoken: God ſend *Pegge* to prooue as wiſe a woman as hir Mother, and then we ſhall be ſure to haue wiſe children.
Nay if he be ſo liberall: olde Granſire you ſhall giue him the good-will of your daughter.

*Gripe.* She is not mine: I haue no daughter now.
That I ſhould ſay I had, thence comes my griefe:
My care of *Lelia*, paſt a fathers loue,
My loue of *Lelia* makes my loſſe the more.
My loſſe of *Lelia* drowns my heart in woe:
My hearts woe makes this life a liuing death:
Care, Loue, Loſſe, Hearts-woe, liuing death,
Ioyne all in one, to ſtop this vitall breath.
Curſt be the time I gap't for golden gaine,
I curſe the time, I croſt hir in hir choice.
Hir choyce was virtuous, but my wil was baſe,
I ſought to grace hir from the *Indian* Mines,
But ſhe ſought honour from the ſtarrie Mount:
What franticke fit poſſeſt my fooliſh braine?
What furious fancie fired ſo my heart,
To hate faire Virtue and to ſcorne deſert?

*Fortunatus.* Then father giue deſert his due,
Let Natures graces and faire virtues giftes,
One ſympathie and happy conſort make,
Twixt *Sophos* and my ſiſter *Lelias* loue:
Conioyne their hands, whoſe hearts haue long beene one,
And ſo conclude a happy vnion.

*Gripe.* Now tis too late:
What Fates decree, can neuer be recall'd:
Hir luckleſſe loue is fall'n to *Churms* his lot,
And he vſurps faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

*Fortunatus.* That cannot be: feare of purſuit muſt needes prolong his nuptiall rights.
But if you giue your full conſent,

That

That *Sophos* may enioy his long wiſht loue,
And haue faire *Lelia* to his louely bride,
Ile follow *Churmes* what ere betide.
Ile be as ſwifte as is the light foote Roe,
And ouertake him ere his iournies end:
And bring faire *Lelia* backe vnto my friend.
*Gripe.* I, heers my hand: I do conſent,
And thinke hir happie in hir happie choice,
Yet halfe foreiudge my hopes will be deceiu'd.
But *Fortunatus:* I muſt needes commend,
Thy conſtant mind thou bear'ſt vnto thy friend.
The after ages wondring at the ſame:
Shall ſait's a deede deſeruing laſting fame.
*Fort.* Then reſt you here til I returne againe,
Ile go to *Sophos* ere I goe along:
And bring him here to keepe you company.
Perhaps he hath ſome skill in hidden arts,
Of Planets courſe, or ſecret magicke ſpells,
To know where *Lelia* and that Foxe lies hid,
Whoſe craft ſo cunningly conuaid hir hence. *Exit* Fortu.
*Gripe.* I: here Ile reſt an houre or twaine,
Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.
*Will.* Faith Sir, this ſame *Churms* is a very ſcuruy Lawer: For once I put a caſe to him: and me thought his law was not worth a pudding.
*Gripe.* Why what was your caſe?
*Will.* Marry Sir, my caſe was a gooſes caſe: For my dog wirried my neighbours ſow, and the ſow died.
*Nurſe.* And hee ſued you vpon wilfull murther?
*Will.* No: but he went to law with me, and would make me either pay for his ſow, or hang my dogge: Now Sir to this ſame Retourner I went.
*Nurſe.* To beg a pardon for your dogge?
*Will.* No: but to haue ſome of his wit for my mony, I gaue him his fee, and promiſed him a gooſe beſide, for his counſaile. Now Sir his counſaile was to denie all was askt me,

And to craue a longer time to anſwere,
Though I knew the caſe was plaine;
So Sir I take his counſaile: and alwaies when he ſends to me
for his gooſe, I denie it, and craue a longer time to anſwere.

*Nurſe.* And ſo the caſe was yours, & the gooſe was his.
And ſo it came to be a gooſes caſe.

*Will.* True: but now we are talking of geeſe,
See where *Pegge* and my Granam Midnight comes.

*Enter* M. Midnight *and* Pegge.

*Moth. M.* Come *Pegge*, beſtirre your ſtumpes: make thy
ſelfe ſmuggo, wench, thou muſt be married to morrow:
Lets goe ſeeke out thy ſweete heart,
To prepare all things in readineſſe.

*Pegge.* Why Granam, looke where he is.

*Will.* Ha my ſweet Trallilly, I thought thou couldſt ſpie
me amongſt a hundred honeſt men.
A man may ſee that loue will creepe where it cannot goe.
Ha my ſweet and too ſweet: ſhall I ſay the tother ſweet?

*Pegge.* I, ſay it and ſpare not.

*Will.* Nay I will not ſay it, I will ſing it.
Thou art mine owne ſweete heart,
From thee Ile neuer depart:
Thou art my Ciperillie:
And I thy Trangdidowne dilly,
And ſing hey ding a ding ding:
And do the tother thing,
And when tis done not mine,
To giue my wench a kiſſe?
And then dance canſt thou not hit it?
Ho braue *William Cricket*
How like you this Granam?

*Mother M.* Marrie gods benniſon light oth thy good
hart, fort:
Ha, that I were young againe!
Yfaith I was an olde doer at theſe loue ſongs when I was a
girle.

*Nurſe.* Now by the Marry mattens, *Peg* thou haſt got
the

the merrieſt woer in all Womanſhire.

*Pegge.* Faith, I am none of thoſe that loue nothing but Tum dum diddle,
If he had not beene a merrie ſhauer, I would neuer haue had him.

*Wil.* But come my wimble laſſe, let al theſe matters paſſe:
And in a bouncing brauation, lets talke of our copulation:
What good cheere ſhal we haue to morrow?
Old Grandſir Thickskin, you that ſit there as melancholy as a mantletree, what will you giue vs towarde this merrie meeting?

*Gripe.* Marry, becauſe you told me a merrie gooſes caſe:
Ile beſtow a fat gooſe on ye: and God giue you luck.

*Mother M.* Marry wel ſaid old maſter: eene God giue them ioy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good ſweete yong couple.

*Will.* Granam ſtand out oth way, for ſ *Enter* Fortuna, here come gentlefolke wil run ore ye elſe. ſ Soph. & Lelia.

*Nurſe.* Maſter, here comes your ſonne againe.

*Gripe.* Is *Fortunatus* there?
Welcome *Fortunatus*! where's *Sophos*?

*Fortunatus.* Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with loue,
As you with griefe for loſſe of *Lelia*.

*Sophos.* And ten times more if it be poſſible.
The loue of *Lelia* is to me more deare,
Then is a kingdome or the richeſt crowne
That ere adorn'd the temples of a king.

*Gripe.* Then welcome *Sophos*: thrice more welcome now
Then any man on earth to me or mine.
It is not now with me as late it was;
I lowrd at learning, and at vertue ſpurnd:
But now my heart and mind and all is tournd.
Were *Lelia* here, I ſoone would knit the knot
Twixt her and thee, that time could nere vntie,
Till fatall ſiſters victorie had wonne,
And that your glaſſe of life were quite outrun.

*Will.* Sounds, I thinke he beſpur-blind. Why, *Lelia* ſtands

hard by him.

*Lelia.* And *Lelia* here falles proſtrate on her knee,
And craues a pardon for her late offence.

*Gripe.* What *Lelia*, my daughter? ſtand vp wench:
Why now my ioy is full:
My heart is lightned of all ſad annoy:
Now farewell griefe, and welcome home my ioy.
Here *Sophos*, take thy *Lelias* hand:
Great God of heauen your hearts combine
In virtues lore to raiſe a happie line.

*Sophos.* Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fierie ſteeds,
And quencht his burning beames that late were wont
To melt my waxen winges when as I ſoard aloft:
And louely *Venus* ſmiles with faire aſpect
Vpon the Spring time of our ſacred loues,
Thou great commander of the circled Orbs,
Grant, that this league of laſting amitie
May lye recorded by Eternitie.

*Lelia.* Then wiſht content knit vp our Nuptiall right:
And future ioyes our former griefes requite.

*Will.* Nay an you be good at that, Ile tel you what weele doe.

*Pegge* and I muſt be married to morrow; and if you will, weele goe all tuth Church together: and ſo ſaue Sir *Iohn* a labour.

*All.* Agreed.

*Fortunatus.* Then march along, and lets be gon,
To ſolemnize two marriages in one. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*FINIS.*

## THE EPILOGVE.

*GEntles, all compaſt in this circled rounde,*
*Whoſe kind aſpects do patronize our ſports:*
*To you Ile bend as low as to the earth,*
*In all the humble complements of curteſie.*
*But if there be, (as tis no doubt there is)*
*In all this round ſome Cinique cenſurers,*
*Whoſe onely ſkill conſiſts in finding faults,*
*That haue like* Midas *mightie Aſſes eares,*
*Quicke iudgements that will ſtrike at euerie ſtale,*
*And perhaps ſuch as can make a large diſcourſe*
*Out of* Scoggins *ieſts, or the hundred merrie tales:*
*Marrie if you go any further, tis beyond their reading;*
*To theſe I ſay, I ſcorne to lend a looke,*
*And bid them vaniſh vapours, and ſo let them paſſe.*
*But to the other ſort, that heare with loue, and iudge with fauour,*
*To them we leaue, to cenſure of our play:*
*And if they like our playes* Cataſtrophe,
*Then let them grace it with a* Plaudite. Exit.

FINIS.

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